

HUSTLER

FOR PEOPLE ON THE GO

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SO BAD AFTER ALL

FABULOUS CALIFORNIA GIRLS
ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE. FICTION

CHICAGO'S PROFESSIONAL
DIRTY TALKERS

SPECIAL
HOLIDAY
ISSUE

DECEMBER 1974 \$1.75

ANDY WARHOL'S
ACE DIRECTOR

BURLESQUE IS BACK
THE NEW TATTOO CRAZE
PLUS THE REGULARS:
MORE GIRLS.



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SHOW & TELL

TIM BECKLEY

Our interviewer of Paul Morrissey has a most interesting group of credits to his favor. Not only has his work — interviews, exposés and in-depth articles of celebrities, rock groups, the occult and UFOs — appeared in some 35 national magazines, but he has authored eight books, written one syndicated newspaper column on exploring the supernatural and has another in the works entitled "Under the Lights," dealing with show business personalities.

D. R. BUTLER

The author of "Concentrated Girl" has expressed a uniqueness in his writing that is truly a pleasure to read and a most refreshing change. He employs a strange blend of mysticism and sex but says that he "doesn't add one to justify the other, but is serious about them both." He lived in the Village among the flower children of the sixties, picked up on their philosophy, edited a small men's magazine and developed his own style of expressing himself. He is presently free lancing and has appeared in many major publications.

JAMES HINES

Our author of "Afternoon on Skid Row" was originally from the hills of Kentucky and has travelled all over the country,

working odd jobs and gathering ideas. A firm believer that experience is the best form of knowledge and a must for his art, he set down in Chicago for five years, worked in the steel mills of Calumet and wrote about his experiences. "Afternoon . . ." is a product of his efforts.

RON OFFEN

Our reporter and interviewer for "Dirty Talkin' Gals of Chi-Town" is a very active writer of biographies and film scripts. His biographies include "Brando" and "Cagney" and an exposé entitled "Dillinger: Dead or Alive." Having dabbled in film and radio shows, he presently is producing radio dramas for schools and other educational institutions.

FRANK THISTLE

The author of the article "Burlesque Bounces Back" has been a burly buff ever since he celebrated his 14th birthday by attending a show at the Old Howard, Boston's legendary burlesque theater. He has since written scores of articles about burlesque and its pulchritudinous practitioners and claims that some of his best "bosom buddies" are strippers. He once handled publicity for the Largo Club, Hollywood's famed ecdysiast emporium. His work has appeared in more than 100 magazines.

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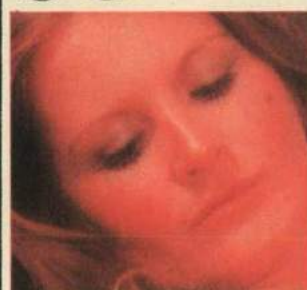
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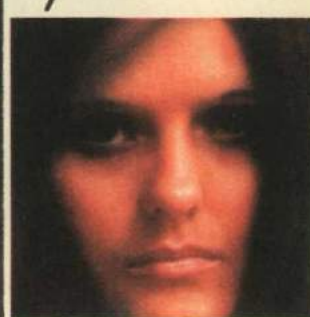
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DIRTY TALKIN' GALS FROM CHI-TOWN

A New Pastime?

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CHRIS

Awaken Sweet Lady

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CAMPARI INSTEAD.



You're about to order your usual drink, but you feel like having something a bit lighter. So you order Campari & Soda instead.

After a century of popularity in Europe, Campari & Soda is now being discovered in America. It's the perfect light drink before lunch or dinner. And a satisfying thirst-quencher in the afternoon or evening.

That unique, tongue-tingling flavor of Campari is a refreshing change from the drink you order out of habit. Before long, you may even find yourself getting into a new habit: having Campari instead.



Campari & Soda... Pour a jigger (1½ oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Add 4 ounces of **Schweppes Club Soda**. Squeeze in a wedge of lemon or lime to taste, if desired.

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ADVICE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is devoted to reader feedback concerning questions that are on our readers' minds but are difficult to discuss with anyone due to the personal nature of the inquiry. Direct all letters to: Advise & Consent Editor, Hustler, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

My girlfriend has told me she wants me to talk dirty to her while we're having sex. I was always taught to be careful of my language in the presence of women. I feel very embarrassed about talking that way to my girl. I don't even know how to start. Any tips?

S. A.
Kokomo, Indiana

One of the reasons we have sexual relations is to communicate intimately with another person. We also communicate in order to have better sex. It's a two-way street.

Your hangup about using "dirty" words during the sex act is a common one. Both men and women have to shed years of no-no's. We do have some suggestions for you.

First, try to tell your girl just what you want to do to her and what you want her to do to you.

Then, just keep talking. Tell her how great she is — her body, the way she moves, whatever it is about her that turns you on. You'll be surprised how a few four-letter words will turn her on.

Talk in a low, gentle voice. Use her name. That way she knows you're talking to her as a person, not just a faceless female.

What's the difference between a "bath house" and a "health spa?" Is there any?

Tom Michaels
Middletown, Connecticut

Generally, a bath house is where men go to find a MALE sex partner. Sometimes the establishment itself offers massage, sometimes you have to find your own masseur.

A spa is where men go to find a FEMALE sex partner — usually for a "massage" or "body rub." The classy

places (both types) will probably accept your credit card.

When I was pregnant several years ago and couldn't have intercourse, my husband asked me to take care of him with my mouth or hand. I was brought up a Catholic and was always taught that that sort of thing is a sin. I told him I couldn't do it. I think he began masturbating then. He still does it. I can't understand why he does that when he could be making it with me.

Name Withheld By Request
Springfield, Illinois

Not knowing all the details of your relationship, we'll just take a guess. Your husband's sex drive is probably stronger than yours. And besides that, you are inhibited by your religious training. Your pregnancy was the beginning of a separateness in sexual matters. Try seducing him more often. Show him (or tell him, if you can) that you are willing to experiment with a variety of sexual practices. Sex together is better than sex apart, but you've got to keep working at it.

What's this about "poppers"?

N. S.
Clearwater, Florida

Poppers are a drug called amyl nitrite. They are sometimes used to prolong orgasm — usually by people who are into drugs anyway. They are popular with homosexuals. Warning: Mixing poppers with marijuana or LSD is extremely dangerous.

I picked up one of those swinger magazines. There are lots of ads and photos of people who want to get together with other swingers. But sometimes the ads sound like they're written in a code I don't have the key to. For instance, what do S/M, AC/DC, and B/D mean?

A. A.
Biloxi, Mississippi

S/M means sadism-masochism, as in whips. AC/DC means bisexual, swinging with both sexes. B/D stands

for bondage-discipline, as in tying up and spanking. And you're right, learn the language before you take the trip.

I've finally talked my girlfriend into trying a little butt-fucking. The problem is that she's very sensitive to pain, and I don't want to hurt her. What's the best way of going into this thing? K.T.

Spokane, Washington

Nearly all couples try anal intercourse at least once, although it is illegal in some states. While the first time is usually painful, the discomfort disappears with practice, when the sphincter muscles loosen up. If your girlfriend has hemorrhoids, however, anal intercourse will always be painful for her.

Technique here is quite important. Lubricate your glans with oil or vaseline — saliva isn't enough. Have your girlfriend kneel with her head well down and enter her gently and steadily (no joyous thrusts as in ordinary intercourse). At first she will be tight, but have her bear down to let you in. Soon she will loosen up. Remember to go slowly and never more than glans-deep, while stimulating her clitoris and breasts with your hands. Never mix anal and vaginal intercourse, as this can lead to bad infections in both man and woman.

As a variation of anal intercourse, you girlfriend might enjoy a greased finger during ordinary intercourse.

How do people get off making love in a chair. This girl and I tried it — and succeeded in having orgasms — but it was so damned uncomfortable. B.T.

Tallahassee, Florida

The best chair for intercourse is one without arms and completely upholstered.

I rarely write to magazines of your ilk, but maybe you could help me. I am 33 years old and have never considered myself as having a problem in the area of sex, mainly because I rarely thought about it. My husband and I make love once a week, and

ADVICE & CONSENT

there have never been any complaints on either side. God has blessed us with two children, who bring us an immense amount of pleasure.

Recently my next-door neighbor stopped over for coffee and a chat, and the subject of sex came up. She had been out with the gals on her bowling team the night before and they all started exchanging sexual fantasies — the ones that “worked best” for them in bed, as she put it. I was appalled at first. Then I realized that there was nothing perverted about these women, that they were all highly respected in our town. I began to examine my own attitudes toward sex and came to the conclusion that I am a real dud. When I am making love, I am thinking about the menu for tomorrow or the button that has to be sewn on my husband's suit before he goes to work. Honestly, I don't fantasize. Interestingly enough, I don't dream either. By the bowling gal's standard, I am abnormal!

I would like to loosen up a bit, but I just don't know where to begin. Perhaps you could help. I will be looking for your answer (my neighbor's husband subscribes to HUSTLER).

Name withheld
Atlanta, Georgia

Whatever your religious beliefs, don't forget that you and your husband's bodies created your children — and your bodies are themselves the source of “an immense amount of pleasure.”

For more exciting sex, rule number one is: Stop thinking of yourself as a “real dud.” By thinking that, you are making yourself one. The next time you're in bed with your husband, consciously try to think of your body as a wellspring of sensuousness, relax and just let things happen to it. Perhaps one of the bowling girl's fantasies will seem more appealing to you in this new context (of course, you will want to elaborate on it and add your own personal touches). Once you start looking for stimulating sexual symbols, you can find them everywhere — in the food you prepare for lunch, in the thighs of your favorite TV personality. Just remember, in order to loosen up your body, you've got to loosen up your mind. We're sure that once you start fantasizing, you won't be able, or want, to stop.

You Can Have The Time Of Your Life With These Sexy Young Girls

“Most Men Don't Realize How Easy It Really Can Be”

Every guy has seen them — with their skin tight blue-jeans and the teasing “no-bra” look. With their long, soft hair and a “powerful” wiggle that drives you absolutely nuts! They're an exciting new generation of girls . . . and if you've ever thought about getting in on the action, I think you'll be interested in what I have to say.

I'm going to show you how easy it can be to pick up these girls. They're young, sexy, fun to be with, and many of them may soon be willing to share a bed with you.

THE NOW-GENERATION GIRLS is a book for active men. It contains frank, in-depth interviews with beautiful girls of the now-generation. Girls just like the one you see in the picture.

They tell you the best places to pick up girls. You'll learn how to approach them and exactly what it takes to pick them up. They tell you what makes this new generation of girls horny, what it takes to get them in bed (you never dreamed it could be so easy), why they like a variety of men, why they date married men, how to make a girl feel relaxed, why a man doesn't have to be good-looking . . . and much more.

You can't miss . . . in fact, I guarantee you will meet and date at least one beautiful girl within 10 days of receiving this book. If you don't (or if you're dissatisfied in any way) just return it and I'll rush you a complete refund, including your 10c postage.

The next time you see a beautiful girl walking down the street, or sitting in a bar, or anywhere . . . you'll be able to move into action with incredible ease.

Included is a whole section on surefire approach techniques. They've worked for every man who has used them and they'll work for you. You don't have to be good-looking, or rich, or young. It doesn't matter if you're the shy type. These techniques work for all men — no exceptions.

One gentleman (middle-aged) always dreamed about making it with a sexy girl of the now-generation. Now (after putting to use the material in this book) he dates more girls in a month than he has in the past 15 years.

Another gentleman (he always had a hard time meeting girls) is meeting dozens of beautiful girls doing only what he learned from this book.

Remember — I GUARANTEE RESULTS. If you don't meet and date at least one beautiful girl within 10 days of receiving this book, just send it back and I'll rush you a complete refund.



THE NOW-GENERATION GIRLS costs only \$5.95 — a damn good investment if you really like sexy girls. In fact, if you're seriously fed up with always seeing the other guys get the girls . . . sending in the coupon would be the wisest move you ever made.

After the interviews were completed it was plain to see that most men don't realize how easy it really can be. Find out for yourself how the material in this book can help you in picking up girls of the now-generation. Within days you can actually be having the time of your life!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I would like to take this opportunity to compliment you on your magazine. I bought my first copy last week and was overjoyed at the pictures and articles. Being up here in the National Forest and not receiving much in the way of good down-to-earth articles in magazines, I really appreciate reading a good one like Hustler. Keep up the good work!

D. Hawkinson
Babbitt, Minnesota

If, after examining your publication, I concluded that it contained nothing whatsoever of interest to me (which most assuredly was not the case), I would still purchase a copy each month in support of your statement on obscenity. Most excellent!

Tom Duggins
Winston-Salem, N.C.

This is the first time I've ever written to any magazine about anything, but I had to tell you that the pictures of Juno in the September issue absolutely drove me up the wall, especially the picture on page 65 (September). I can't understand why more women don't shave — I think most men will agree with me that it's beautiful. I hope Juno is in some of your forthcoming issues or maybe more girls with shaved snatches. I'd sure like to be her barber.

G.D.
New Mexico

In your September edition, you featured a series of pictures of "Juno" which I thought was just great. I agree with her statement concerning the advantages of shaving pubic hair. Both my wife and I do this and you wouldn't believe what it does for our sex life. As for myself, I don't think there is anything more beautiful than a shaved young lady, and I would like to see more of Juno and other girls like her. Name Withheld by Request
Brunswick, Georgia

As I finished the first issue of HUSTLER, I have one word for it "Great". The best I've seen in years. Your magazine has what it takes to hold your interest. My friends and I, all part-time photographers, really like the pic-

tures. How about a lot of shots showing girls wearing silky black nylons and garters and every so often, a centerfold of a girl wearing sexy black nylons, garters and shoes. This is what will skyrocket your magazine.

Sam Rickis
Windsor Locks, Connecticut

Your magazine is one of the most successful I've seen in years. The most beautiful girls and the stories in the magazine are great. I am working with a harvesting crew here in the "wild west". We work long hours, 18 to 20 hours a day, 7 days a week and the only time we have off is when it rains. We are a crew of 25 and don't get time to talk to many girls, so your HUSTLER gets passed around. The girl on the July cover really turned us on! I'd like to see more of her in future issues — all men like to look at pictures of good looking blondes.

Willard Brown
Shattuck, Oklahoma

TODAY'S MAN

#49 MAN ABOUT TOWN

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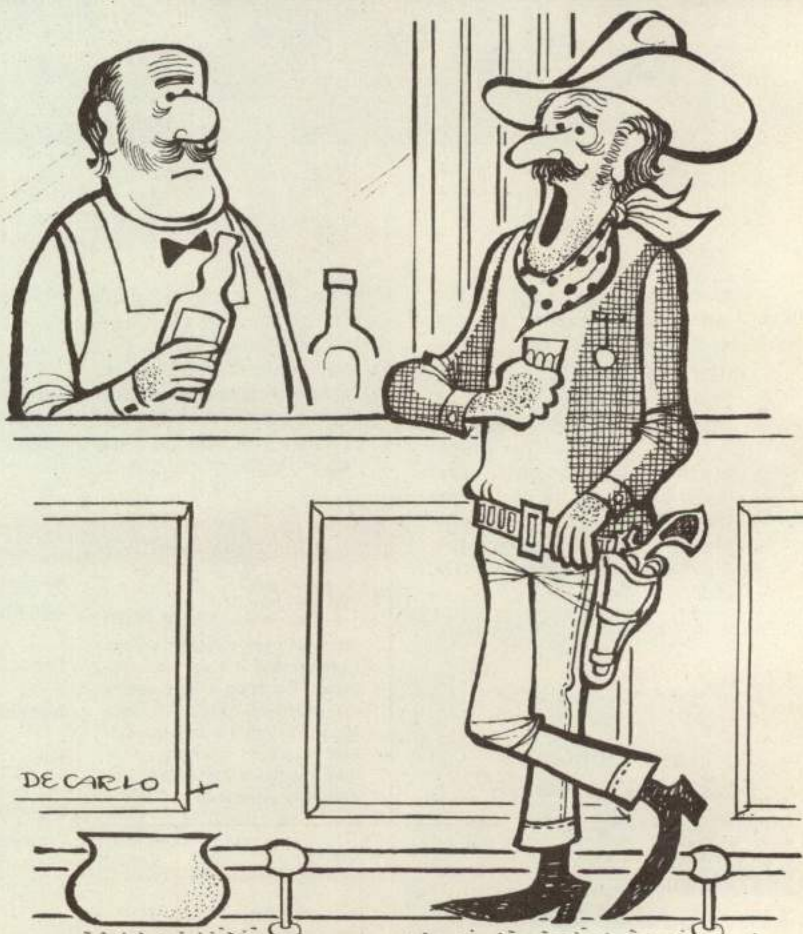


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DECARLO

"My horse doesn't understand me."

The Effects of Ice on Scotch

How fast a drink of Scotch whisky over rocks loses its flavor depends on the proof of the Scotch and the richness of its blend. These two factors are optimized for "on the rocks" Scotch drinkers in 90-Proof Famous Grouse, a venerable old brand from Scotland only recently introduced to America.

by Allen Mac Kenzie

In countries where Scotch has been consumed for centuries, ice and whisky rarely mingle. But on this side of the Atlantic, the picture is quite different. While a small percentage of American Scotch drinkers take it neat, better than 35% drink it "on the rocks." The rest of us add varying amounts of water, club soda, etcetera. And ice. Always plenty of ice—the great American drink requisite.

It would seem then that the American Scotch devotee, particularly our on-the-rocks fancier, has a right to raise a serious question: *Is the Scotch I drink ideally suited to enjoyment over ice?*

Pursuing a Perfect Proof

Let's turn our attention first to the proof at which Scotch whisky is bottled. Consider the hypothesis that there is indeed a better proof for on-the-rocks Scotch drinking than that of the brand you currently favor.

Practically every Scotch sold in this country is bottled at 80, 86, or 86.8 Proof. So at the instant you pour Scotch over ice, it contains between 40% and 43.4% alcohol by volume. (Proof is double the percentage of alcohol.) The chilling effect of the ice is accompanied by dilution. And when your drink has been properly cooled—in 30 seconds to a minute—you achieve what one Scotch connoisseur refers to as

"the ideal sip." From then on, the Scotch drinker's enjoyment typically runs downhill, as the drink loses its freshness.



While there is no way to preserve that fresh Scotch flavor indefinitely, we submit that you can sustain the freshness substantially longer with 90-Proof *Famous Grouse*. If you have never heard of this brand, we are not surprised. It is a well established name in Scotland, but only recently introduced to America. So far as we know, *Famous Grouse* is the only Scotch now available in this country at 90 Proof.

A Revealing Experiment

To demonstrate the merits of a slightly higher proof, we performed a simple experiment: 50 millilitres of Scotch (about 1.7 ounces) was chilled with 100 cc of ice. The ensuing dilutions at 80, 86.8 and 90 Proof are charted in the graph at left.

You'll notice that after 15 minutes on the rocks, the proof of *Famous Grouse* is diluted to a level which occurs after 12½ minutes when the Scotch is 86.8 Proof, and after 9 minutes when it is 80 Proof. In essence, the *Famous Grouse* brand has remained about 2½ minutes fresher than 86.8-Proof Scotch (Interval A on graph), 6 minutes fresher than 80-Proof Scotch (Interval B). If you "nurse" a drink beyond 15 minutes, the advantages of 90 Proof Scotch are even more pronounced.

Proof, of course, is not the only influence on the flavor of a blended Scotch. The proportion of malt to grain whiskies,

origins of the malts, aging methods—these are also important factors determining the relative richness of Scotch flavor.

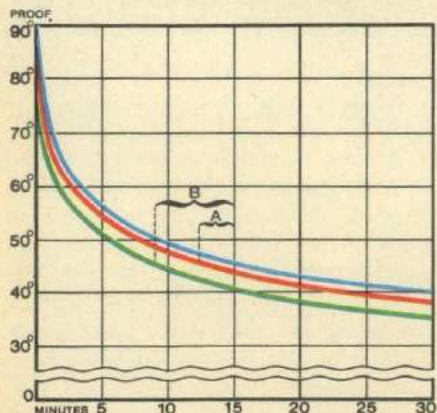
The makers of *Famous Grouse*—Matthew Gloag & Son of Perth, Scotland—have been producing Scotch in the same family for six generations. And they have performed their most noble feat in the rich blend they created for *Famous Grouse* Scotch. Its flavor—so remarkable at the outset—holds firmly to its character during prolonged contact with ice.

Knowledge of Scotch, however, cannot be indefinitely pursued in the abstract. Your learning process must ultimately include a leisurely sip of *Famous Grouse* on the rocks. For Scotch drinking is one of those pleasures enjoyed most, not in the pursuit, but in the conquest. Scotland's greatest bard, Robert Burns, said it best:

*"Gie me a spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire."*



90 PROOF, BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY.

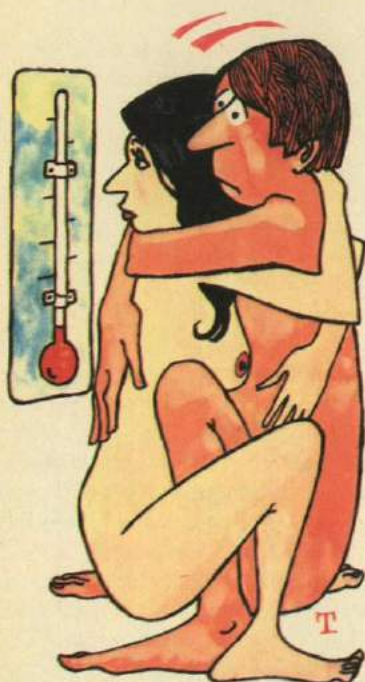


DILUTION BY ICE OF SCOTCH AT THREE DIFFERENT PROOFS (72°F).

— 80 Proof — 86.8 Proof — 90 Proof

BITS & PIECES

The Ice Age Cometh



If it seems to you we've had some super ass-freezing winters lately, you're right. What's more, things will probably get worse. The earth, say two oceanographers who ought to know, appears to be entering a "little ice age."

The scientists are obtaining information about ice ages of the past by studying core samples of the ocean floor. They drill down as far as 80 feet into the sediment off Oregon, California, and South America. Then they study the remains of plants and animals that have been stacking up at the bottom of the ocean for thousands of years.

According to the scientists, our planet suffers through severe ice ages every 100,000 years, medium ice ages every 2,500 years, and little ice ages every 300-400 years.

The last little ice age began in the 12th century and peaked in the 16th.

It did a lot of damage in Europe, where wheat and grape crops failed, in Scandinavia and in Greenland, where settlements were completely wiped out.

After the 16th century, the earth began to warm up. It was warmest in 1940. But since 1940, the average air temperature in this hemisphere has fallen 1.3 degrees. That's enough to make the winters noticeably colder.

What would a little ice age mean to this country? Very bitter winters, at least. But no glaciers—that only happens in full ice ages.

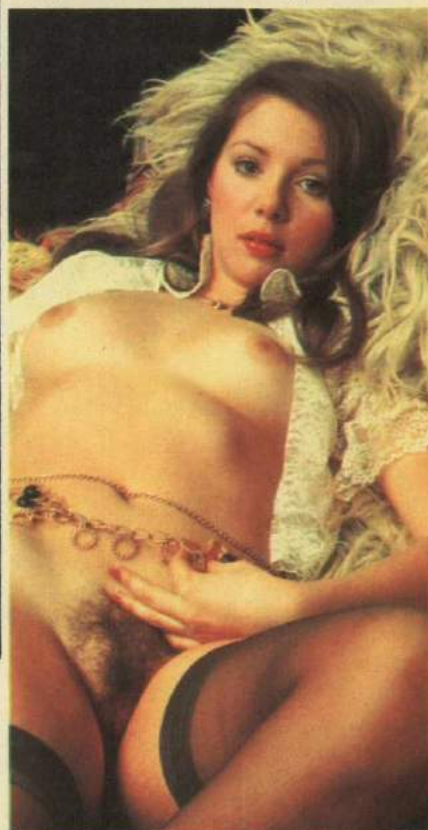
The oceanographers now studying samples of sediment from the ocean floor believe they can predict weather changes in the future, basing their predictions on what has happened in the past. They hope to be able to tell farmers where to grow crops and when to store them (in advance of severe cold), and when we'll need more fuel to keep warm.

The prospects are not good, except for skiers. Longer and harder may be better—but not in the case of winters.

EX-HUSTLER GIRL IN PENTHOUSE LINE-UP

Bob Guccione, Editor and Publisher of Penthouse magazine, has always prided himself on the fact that his models have never appeared in any other men's magazine, let alone being photographed nude. We at HUSTLER, however, hate to burst Mr. Guccione's bubble. The October issue of Penthouse presented a photo spread (p. 82) of "The Cincinnati Kid" featuring Karen Dermer. Our readers will surely remember seeing Karen's delicious form not only in our July issue (p. 30).

but also in the August feature, "Two Women," (p. 68). It is only natural for her to grace the pages of HUSTLER since she was a swinging Hostess at our Cincinnati Club. We only wonder why Mr. Guccione is not watching his competition more carefully.



**KAREN
PENTHOUSE RIP-OFF**

The French Do It Again

A wide-eyed young bride, married to a tolerant French diplomat, enters a series of affairs with seducers of both sexes. The setting is the Thailand of the travelogues. The movie is *Emmanuelle*, a French film that is breaking all attendance records in France and is scheduled to open soon in this country.

The sex scenes aren't explicit enough to qualify *Emmanuelle* for di-

BITS & PIECES



rect competition with *Deep Throat*. A soft-core porn film, it is closer to *Last Tango in Paris* than *Throat*, says Yves Rousset-Rouard, the 34-year-old producer. It was originally banned in France because of its female nudity and kinky sexual activities.

Emmanuelle is based on an erotic autobiography by a young author, Emmanuelle Arsan. Published privately in 1957, it became popular with French intellectuals.

Water-Cleaning Oysters



All the oysters we know think "sewer mouth" is a compliment. Don't tell them any different.

Long touted as a, uh, *potent* source of Vitamin E, the oyster is now being auditioned for another "Save the People" task—fighting pollution.

Oysters are fantastic drinkers and strainers. A single oyster can sieve up to 100 gallons of water a day through its body in order to get nutrients from the sea.

Out there at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in Massachusetts, researchers are putting to work the oyster's natural filtration system. The researchers are using oysters for the final stage in an experimental sewage treatment plant. Organic impurities are removed from the waste water in the early stages of the process. But at this point the water still contains inorganic pollutants like phosphate and nitrogen compounds.

The treated water is diluted with ocean water. Algae develop and consume the inorganic pollutants. Now the problem is to get rid of the algae. So the algae-rich water is put in a large tank with racks of oysters.

The oysters, doing their bit to fight pollution, happily gorge themselves on the algae. Seaweed planted in the tank clears the water of waste from the oysters. And there you have it! Clean water.

A sewage treatment plant like the one at the Woods Hole laboratory will be able to clean up waste water for a coastal town of 50,000 people.

And, as a fringe benefit, the plant would produce 900 tons of fat, juicy oysters that could be harvested and eaten. Vitamin E on the half shell.

What are You Drinking—Vitamins or Problems?

Having difficulty sleeping lately? Or maybe you're afraid you might lose your job, or that the country is headed for economic and social ruin? No? Come on—think hard. If the problems of the world are getting to you more and more, you may have a problem

yourself — "little c." Unlike the big C (cancer), coffee can't kill you, but it can screw up your system enough to make life, shall we say, unpleasant.



Chronic anxiety. That's what the guy had. Thirty-seven years old, he fought daily with apprehension, diarrhea, dizziness, tremulousness and insomnia. His doctor referred him to a psychiatric out-patient clinic, where three complete medical examinations revealed nothing. And drugs, administered over a ten-month period, helped not one iota. Finally, a physician decided to ask him about his personal habits.

Ha-aah: fourteen cups of coffee a day, plus three or four colas and a bedtime cup of cocoa, which also contains caffeine. He cut down, and in four weeks his anxiety disappeared. Hooray, Public Enemy #275 is identified!

So you can get ready for smear campaigns against coffee, but don't take them too seriously. With such commonly consumed products as eggs and milk (high in cholesterol) and bread (all sugar and air) being attacked by health-crazed terrorists, you don't need coffee to have anxiety — you can have a nervous breakdown just trying to select a proper meal.

As for drinking coffee, remember this: The thirty-seven-year-old Caffeine Kid had probably never heard of that everything-to-moderation rule.

continued to page 16

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BITS & PIECES

continued from page 13

The Boob Tube's Holding Us Together



Some of us here at HUSTLER got to wondering about the effects of TV on a man's sex life and came across a German study that contained some relevant findings. It involved 184 regular TV viewers, who agreed to swear off watching the tube for a year. At first their reactions showed little change in sexual behavior. The subjects merely started going to three times as many movies and spending twice as much time visiting friends, playing games and reading.

But then things began to get interesting. "A temper tantrum here, a temper tantrum there" grew into all-out war! Married men (twice as many as before!) were beating their wives and sending them to bed without their much-needed orgasms. Kids (14 percent more) got beaten right and left. And, not surprisingly, the men went

scrambling for the girls next door. Home Sweet Home became a nightmare.

Even though they were getting paid for participation in this experiment, most of the subjects couldn't last for more than a few months. With research assistants still taking notes, the TVs were brought back out and the subjects entered Phase III. Husband and wife enjoyed bigger and better orgasms than ever before (together), tension and aggression disappeared, and the kids went about their activities without interruption for spankings.

So, if you have ever suspected that you were escaping the nasty side of home life by watching TV wrestling or TV anything, science has proved your hunch to be right on, and it passes along a little advice, too: The next time your TV breaks down, you best have a mistress in hand.

Beware Girl-Watchers

Gone are the good old days when you could say anything you wanted to that luscious babe who swayed down city sidewalks in apparel that made poets of us all. We once filled the air with sweet love songs to accompany her through unfriendly crowds, past noisy traffic: "Va, va, v-a-a-a-a, v-o-o-o-o-m! Hey, baby whacha doin' t'night? Come on, you sweet thing you, smile at me." But things are changing.

The next time you're out and looking, think twice before cooing your appreciation of that fine ass held back in tight blue jeans — the lovely lady just might be a cop! Seems as though women's lib has turned some of our gals' heads around and has gotten them complaining to the cops about "girl watchers." And a lot of cities are feeling obliged to crack down. We here at HUSTLER have heard that in Los Angeles the female fuzz put more than 400 men in the clink for 6-month stretches.



The question here is: Who is losing out? To our way of thinking, every woman wants to know that she is sexually attractive, and most often one man's opinion isn't enough. So okay, we'll curb our better instincts, stop letting women know how much we love them, and their protest can't last for long, can it?

A New Concept in Art?

Austrian Rudolf Schwarzkogler: Cuts off his penis bit by bit until he dies.

Italian Piero Mangoni: Cans his own excrement and labels the containers MIERDA D'ARTISTA.

New Yorker Vito Acconci: Dresses his penis in doll clothes, bites himself all over, masturbates under an art gallery ramp.

Los Angelesite Chris Burden: Crucifies himself on top of a Volkswagen (nails are actually driven through his palms).

New Yorker Dennis Oppenheim: Plows circles in snow on a frozen river, moves mounds of trash paper

BITS & PIECES

from the floor of the New York Stock Exchange to the roof of his own building in Manhattan.

If you haven't guessed it by now, these men are serious artists at work. Calling themselves "conceptualists," they are transcending the traditional framed painting and sculpture-on-pedestal by focusing their creative energies on pure thought and action.



The most bizarre and dramatic of the conceptualists' works comes from the artists who are directly involved with the body. And since there is little else an artist can "do" with the body, most of these pieces of art are displays of masochism — whatever else is expressed is determined by the viewer.

Chris Burden — prolific in this area — offers us some good examples. One of his works consists of having a friend shoot him in the arm with a .22 rifle (the plan was for a grazing wound, but the off-target bullet sliced through his arm and necessitated hospitalization). Another work is a film of Burden crawling for fifty feet on his bare stomach over broken glass in some parking lot. (Don't think for a minute that the art community doesn't take artists like Burden seriously: the Los Angeles County Museum presented him with a financial

award and he used the money to show his film on ten-second spots on Los Angeles's Channel 9.) Then there was the time Burden nearly electrocuted himself, later saying, "I didn't want to die, but I wanted to come close."

Not all conceptualists are involved with the body. Ian Wilson accepts invitations to meet the buyer and discuss any subject of his choosing, maybe Plato or the idea of unreality. Sol LeWitt conceives and sells wall instructions, some for as much as \$8,000. His "The Location of Points," for instance, consists of directions for marking the points yourself with black crayon on whatever wall at home you find most appropriate. Since it's the idea that matters, it's not important for the artist himself to do the marking.

How do you authenticate the here-now-gone-tomorrow works of art? Ian Wilson would offer buyer Larry Blue a slip of paper reading, "On the 4th of November 1974, there was discussion between Larry Blue and Ian Wilson. What was said remains in the collection of Larry Blue."

Then there are photographs (you can pick up an autographed copy of a book documenting Chris Burden's performances for \$800), written accounts, video tapes, audio tapes, and — if nothing else — your cancelled check.

Aged Sprinters

Old age just ain't what it used to be, thanks to young thinking men like lawyer Dave Pain. Five years ago Pain organized the United States Masters International Track Team, whose members range in age from 40 to over 70.

If you're conjuring up visions of these men getting together to pussy-foot around some local park, you had better read on. In 1972, Pain held a meet with Britain and other European teams; in 1973, with Australia and New Zealand. This year, over the



Christmas holidays, the members will be hightailing it down Kingston-way for the first United States-Jamaica Masters track and field meet. In August 1975 their destination is Toronto — where the first world championships will be held. (National championships were awarded last summer in Oregon, where meets were staged with the help of the Amateur Athletic Union.)

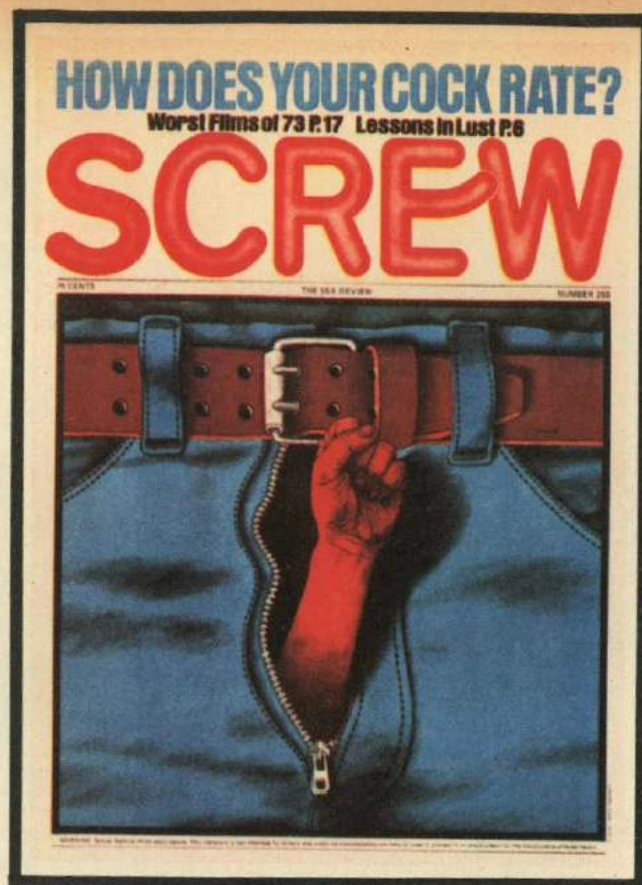
"It has gotten to the point," Pain says, "that what started out as a hobby has become almost a full-time job. . . . Just recently, I had to hire a secretary to handle the constantly increasing flood of communications and inquiries we receive not only from this country but from overseas as well."

Pain's wife, Helen, helps with the myriad of details connected with the Masters organization. Operating out of La Jolla, California, the Pains put out a bi-monthly newsletter and run a travel and promotional service for the international meets.

Members pay annual dues of \$5 and include: millionaires, retirees living on small pensions, women, and people who have never run competitively before.

With 15,000 over-forty athletes running around the country, old age becomes somewhat more appealing for all of us.

continued to page 108



Are You Man Enough?

On this page stands before you 13 inches of majestic manhood called SCREW. SCREW is a weekly newspaper that week after week titillates, informs and educates the American public with tales of eroticism, sexual perversity, sensual depravation and sodomy.

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ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

You're constantly on the move, flying from one city to the next. You've been to every corner of the U.S., because that's where your business takes you. But what can you do when it's time to relax and enjoy the town you're visiting? Pick up *Hustler* every month and you'll get a concise guide to what's happening in the entertainment centers of our country. When you're ready to land on your next trip, our Entertainment Guide will be there to help you enjoy yourself.

ARIZONA

Phoenix: This sunshine city seems to offer everything in the way of entertainment and relaxation. There are 42 all-year-round golf courses ranging from "traditional" to cactus-bordered fairways adjoining the desert. Some of the sight-seeing spots are the world famous **Botanical Gardens**, the **Continental Open-Moat Zoo** (home of the world's largest oryx herd), **Pueblo Grande** which is site of the local Hohoham Indian dwellings, the **Heard Museum** and the **Phoenix Art Museum**. As for dining, you have a choice of any style from cowboy chuck wagon to continental fare. Some of the best spots in town are the **Asia House**, listed as one of the finest 400 restaurants in the world and the most unusual in Phoenix because of its variety of Japanese, Chinese and Mongolian cuisine. There's no menu—you select the type of food when making reservations. **Applegate's** offers complete elegance in an old English atmosphere with an extensive choice of steaks and seafood. Name entertainment is always featured along with music to dance to in the **Pub Room**. **Marriott's Camelback Inn** has rated five stars for the past five years. They not only have the best gourmet, continental foods, but an absolutely beautiful dining place with a spectacular rock garden and inside, beamed ceilings and stucco arches. Dancing and entertainment are featured nightly in the **La Cantina Lounge**. For a little more casual atmosphere, **Pinnacle Peak Patio** offers healthy cowboy steaks grilled over a mesquite wood fire and enforces the "no neckties allowed" policy by snipping all neckwear and nailing them to the rafters. **Windjammer** in nearby Tempe is the Valley's only waterfront restaurant with superb seafood—try the Malay-

sian Shrimp—and steaks as well as the best show group entertainers.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles: Due to changing times, most of the major spots in town have become less popular in the past years; for example, the **Coconut Grove** in the **Ambassador**. So much of the action is in the out-of-the-way spots or in the few top places around. **Chasen's** draws a pretty select group of celebrities at the tables, so the show is all around you. There's also a nice surprise in store on the check if you didn't come prepared to spend a bundle. French cuisine is very good at both the **Francois** in the **Atlantic Richfield Plaza** and **Le St. Germain**. **Anthony's Star of the Sea Room** in nearby San Diego, is definitely fine abalone gourmet. In Beverly Hills try **La Bella Fontana** at the **Beverly Wilshire Hotel**. They have delicious bouillabaisse meridionale and soufflé Dior. For the best entree and dessert crepes, the **Magic Pan Creperie** is tops. And for dancing, try the **Beverly Hilton**. As far as an additional bit of relaxation from a day of travel or business, how about a massage to release the built-up tension. In Palo Alto, **Ali Baba's** and the **Green Door** are real ice breakers. Berkeley offers **Zodiak**, **Golden Gypsy** and **Executive Massage Parlours**. And in Hollywood, you'll find a number of outcall services as well as **Grecian Girls**, the **Human Organism** and **House of Pleasure** parlours. The **Los Angeles Rams** will be home the 10th with Atlanta and the 24th with Minnesota. The **Oakland Raiders** will be in the stadium the 10th with Detroit and the 24th with Denver. And the **San Diego Chargers** will be playing Cleveland on the 3rd and Oakland on the 17th, both on their home field. In the **World Football League**,

the **Southern California Sun** will be at Hawaii the 3rd.

San Francisco: As the cold weather begins to settle on the pumpkin back east, San Francisco is as pleasant and beautiful as ever. There's plenty to do in many ways. Go sight-seeing via the cable cars or buses and visit the **De Young Museum**, which houses an important collection of Asian art. There's also a museum at **Golden Gate Park** and not too far away is the **Japanese Tea Garden** with the **Aquarium** and **Planetarium** right across the mall. The beautiful **Palace of the Legion of Honor** is filled with the best of French art, if that's what turns you on, and around Polk Street, where an entire education in people is waiting, the **Freed, Teller and Freed Shop** offers an extensive selection of coffee and teapots. Of course, there are the old favorites like **Fisherman's Wharf** and **Ghiradelli Square**, **Chinatown**, **Telegraph Hill** and **Nob Hill**. For the best crepe dishes you would ever want to savor, the **Magic Pan** fills the bill. There are three locations—on Sutter Street, in Ghiradelli Square and on Fillmore Street—but make it an early meal because the first two locations close at midnight on Friday and Saturday and at 11:00 at the Fillmore spot. **Benihana of Tokyo** is always a sure bet for the best in Japanese food, complete with tabletop cooking. **Trader Vic's** is excellent for Polynesian-Continental cuisine and exciting exotic rum and pineapple drinks. The **Hungry Tiger** at the **Cannery** has mouth-watering seafood entrees, plus dancing nightly, except Sunday and Monday. For big name entertainment, the **Fairmont Hotel** presents **Florence Henderson** until the 6th. **Ray Charles** follows from the 7th to the 17th. **Lou Rawls** takes over the show from the

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19th to the 28th. And **Tony Bennett** leaves his heart from the 29th until December 8th. For special interest, the **Rod and Custom Auto Show** will be at the **Cow Palace** from the 15th to the 17th and the **San Francisco Import Car Show** will be at the **Civic Auditorium** and **Brooks Hall** November 26th until December 1st. The **San Francisco '49er's** will be in the Stadium the 4th with Los Angeles and the 24th with Atlanta.

COLORADO

Denver: Before the skiing season gets into full swing, visit some of the hot spots around the town. On the more elegant side, the **International Room** of the **Plaza Inn** presents a variety of continental dishes. Try the Roast Duckling with Crepe Strawberries Romanoff — magnifique! **New China** is worth a try for Chinese and American food. For your dining and dancing pleasure, there's live entertainment at **Gabriels**, the revolving roof top restaurant atop the **Holiday Inn**. And the **Attic** presents live bands nightly, first show beginning at 9:00 p.m. The **Warehouse Restaurant** continues to bring in the biggest and best name entertainment in Colorado but had not confirmed their schedule when we spoke to them. Give them a call when you hit town. It's one of the best entertainment places in Denver. The **Denver Broncos** will be in town on the 3rd with Oakland and the 18th with Kansas City.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington: If you happen to be in town with the regular hustle and bustle of our nation's capital and you've already taken in the **White House**, the **Capital Building** and the **Lincoln Memorial**, stop by any of the fine restaurants, have a drink, a scrumptious dinner and a couple of strolls around the dance floor. Now you are ready to retire for a well earned night's rest. The **Ruby Restaurant** offers such delicate Cantonese style dishes as fish, crab and duck with dim sum pastries. The **Auberge Jacqueline** has the distinction of being Washington's first and only French Inn. It's very good.

The **Sea Catch** is the best of D. C.'s seafood spots. The **Embers**, which we've mentioned before, gives you both a sizzling steak and entertainment. All top quality and well worth the price. Italian restaurants are in abundance, but we feel **Anna Maria's** is one of the best. **El Tio Pepe** offers the finest in Spanish continental cuisine — try one of the renowned shellfish dishes, as well as the most famous dish of Spain — Paella. The **Shady Grove** always has top name entertainment, but as of this writing, had not confirmed their November bookings. The **Redskins** will be around towards the end of the month — on the 17th with Dallas and on the 24th with Philadelphia.

FLORIDA

Fort Lauderdale: One of the biggest drawing cards of Southern Florida is, of course, the sun and surf all year round, with the best season beginning in November until after Easter. That's when the winter blahs have infected the rest of the country, particularly in the colder areas, and have forced the inhabitants to either accept the conditions or look for a change. Well, Florida has that much wanted change. The most obvious being swimming, surfing and sun bathing as well as deep-sea fishing, scuba diving and just plain relaxing. One of the most unique places to visit is the **Flying Machine** — the entrance way is an old bomber. For a little excitement, try **Lenny's 4 O'Clock** where a variety of rock bands play until 4:00 a.m. The **Cat's Meow** is also a good action spot where the crowd is a little on the older side, but the **Library Lounge** in the **Hilton Galt Ocean Mile Hotel** caters to the younger set. Take your pick? The **Mai Kai** is worth mentioning again since it's one of the best for South Sea drinks and atmosphere. Along the elegant side, **Le Cordon Bleu**, offers a most tasty Long Island Duckling entrée. For French cuisine, try the five-star **Le Dome of the Four Seasons**. You won't be sorry.

Miami: Down the Coast a little way from Fort Lauderdale, you will find a rather commercial spot by the name

of Miami. It has everything **Lauderdale** has to offer except many more places to find fun and entertainment. The **Hotel Newport** has five bars to offer their patrons—we guess that's so as not to have to rub elbows with a bar partner. Nevertheless, for a late night drink, this is the place because the magic closing hour is 5:00 a.m. The **Phone Booth** is a fun place where meeting people is made much easier due to the separate phones at each table and a poster displaying the phone numbers. Could be your chance to meet your dream girl. The **Fountainbleau** and the **Diplomat** are among the two hotels which sponsors top entertainment through Easter, after which they close their main rooms. The **Rhodes Brothers** have been featured at the **Miami Merchandise Mart** all season and, as of this writing, should still be there. Restaurants vary from the elegance of the **Les Violins** with their singing waiters and waitresses, to the **Gaucho Steak House** in the **Americana** and the spectacular view from **Pier 66**. The famous **Miami Dolphins** will be at home on the 3rd with Atlanta and the 17th with Buffalo. As for the World Football League the **Florida Blazers** will be playing Portland there the 6th.

GEORGIA

Atlanta: Not too long ago, Atlanta was considered a minor sized town with very little forward movement. But in only a relatively few years did this Los Angeles of the East start to develop into a very progressive city. It offers the main attractions that any other major city would offer, socially and culturally. For instance, the **Atlanta Symphony** at the **Memorial Arts Center** will present **Sergiu Commissiona** with music by **Rossini**, **Chauson** and **Bartok** on November 1st, 2nd and 4th. The **Atlanta Symphony Chamber Chorus** will present **Handel's "Messiah"**. The **Civic Center** will present **Johnny Mathis** and **Henry Mancini** on the 2nd and "Music Made Famous by **Glenn Miller**" with **Ray McKinley** on the 9th. The **Municipal Auditorium** will have **John Mayall** on the 1st. The **Georgia State University Players** will

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

present "As You Like It" on the 8th through the 10th. If you're interested in horses and ponies, the **Atlanta Pony Club Combined Training Events** will be at **Stone Mount Park** on the 10th and the "Guns of the Civil War" display can be seen at the **Marriott Hotel**. Dining places are very pleasant and varied in the area. The **Hyatt Regency Atlanta**, right on historic Peachtree Street, is by far the most beautiful architectural masterpiece. There are a number of places to choose from under the Regency roof—the **Club Atlantis** is a subterranean supper club featuring top entertainment. The **Kafe Kobenhaven**, a Scandinavian-fashioned sidewalk cafe, is actually situated in the middle of a spectacular atrium. There's also **Le Parasol**, a 13 ton metal sculptured cocktail lounge suspended from a skylight 24 floors above the lobby and the **Clock of Fives**, a bar and grill for a quick drink or bite to eat. For dancing, as well as dinner, try the **Diplomat**. For a little Scandinavian taste, the **Midnight Sun** has much to offer.

ILLINOIS

Chicago: There's something for everyone here, no matter what your taste, but unless you are very familiar with the area you can easily be ripped-off. The typical tourist attractions like **Old Town** and **Rush Street** are better known legends than as the real thing. **Old Town** is a nice place to visit during the day or early evening. There are a lot of nice little shops to browse through, but the merchandise is generally over-priced. **Rush Street** establishments don't have a lot more to offer than lesser known spots except the centralized location. A few fine restaurants that are out of the city proper is **Grandma's Receipts**, with home-made vegetable soup and bread that is absolutely a mouth-watering delight. The **Mirabell**, located on Addison, has the best German food at very reasonable prices along with imported light and dark beer and live German music nightly. The atmosphere is so much like old Germany that it's hard to believe you're sitting in Chicago. Of course, there is an ex-

cellent variety of more elegant spots. The **95th Restaurant** on the same floor of the **John Hancock Building** offers not only a spectacular view on a clear night, but some gourmet delicacies. Be sure to have a full wallet though. Across the street is the **Consort** on the top of the **Continental Plaza**, which is a marvelous experience in French dining. Big overstuffed cushions and couches give you a feeling of complete relaxation. Also a great view of the city. **Franz Bentler** and his **Royal Strings** are featured nightly and add a perfect touch to the elegant atmosphere. There's live entertainment nightly throughout the city at the **London House**, just off Michigan Avenue and at the famous **Mr. Kelly's** on Rush Street. **Arie Crown** will present the **Carpenters** on the 1st through the 3rd and **Charlie Rich** on the 24th. The **Empire Room** in the **Palmer House** has a full schedule starting the 1st to the 4th with **Teresa Brewer**. **Jack Cassidy** and **Shirley Jones** take over the boards on the 6th to the 18th, then **Peter Marshall** and the **Alan Copeland Singers** finish the month from the 19th to the 30th. The football scene in the Windy City is very active with the **Bears** being in town the 3rd with Minnesota and the 17th with San Francisco. In the World Football League, the **Chicago Fire** won't be in town but will be playing at Memphis the 6th and in Jacksonville the 13th.

LOUISIANA

New Orleans: The Jazz Capital always has something going on but it doesn't often draw big named performers supposedly because the stars find New Orleans a fun place to play rather than to work. If you appreciate music, especially heavy jazz, this is the city to hear the best. **Maison Bourbon** has spontaneous jam sessions that take place in the street. **Al Hirt's Club** and **Pete Fountain** has the best in jazz entertainment in the city. There is also a variety of music scenes you can get into. The **Theatre of the Performing Arts** features nightly operas, but check with them when you get to town for their sched-

ule. The **New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra** is one of the finest, and performs regularly. The **Community Concert Association** presents the **Warsaw National Symphony Orchestra** on the 4th and **Her Majesty's Welsh Guards** on the 13th. The **New Orleans Opera Guild** will star **Myrna Loy** in "Don Juan in Hell" on the 9th. A very interesting demonstration of the art of Kung Fu, and ritual sword fighting, along with singing and dancing will be held on the 28th by the **National Chinese Opera Theatre** from Taiwan. Should be a most entertaining evening. **Pat O'Brien's Piano Bar** has nightly entertainment, along with a very pleasant atmosphere for talking over the day's business or travels. The birth place of the blues, **Perservation Hall**, still echoes the music of **Louis Armstrong** and is very worthwhile as far as hearing the old blues sound. And along the more casual rock line, **The Warehouse** features good rock bands from all over. The **New Orleans Saints** will be home the 10th with Miami, the 17th with Los Angeles and the 25th with Pittsburgh.

MARYLAND

Baltimore: Not far from Washington D.C., you can combine the pleasures and sights of both cities and, if you have a little time to spend, you could really have a ball scouting around. Culturally, Baltimore has a lot to offer. The **Baltimore Museum of Art** always has a worthwhile show going at both locations, on Art Museum Drive and downtown on Redwood St. The **Baltimore Symphony** has concerts on a regular basis with **Jorge Mester** often doing the conducting. And look up the **Le Clerc Auditorium** to catch when the **Trinidad, Tobago Baltimore Steel Orchestra** will be playing. This is the first steel orchestra organized in Baltimore. For variety, check out the **2 O'Clock Club** and the **Gayety Burlesk** for lively and exciting burlesque. Dining and dancing is pleasantly combined with a full American-Continental menu and the dynamic organ styles of **Clarence Levine Jr.** at the **Four C's Restaurant**. **Mr. Bojangles** is a great

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place to catch a drink and a good floor show. Check it out when you hit town. The **Polesh Underground** is still fairly new but the uniqueness of the quadraphonic stereo sound system and the table phones, to better acquaint you with someone of your pleasure at the next table or any table in the house, is a real trip. Some of the best restaurants in town are the **Maison Robert** and **Maitre Jacques** for fine French cuisine. Try **Jimmy Harborside** for an excellent variety of seafood dishes. And for something a little more reasonable, the **Hecht Company** has the most delicious baked Crab Meat Imperial and roast prime rib of beef au jus. The **Baltimore Colts** will be at the Stadium on the 3rd with Cincinnati, on the 10th with Denver and the 24th with New England.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston: Some of the finest restaurants in the country are located right here. **Jimmy Harborside** lets you pick out your own lobster from the tank, plus a scrumptious variety of other seafood items that will more than please your palate. **Polcar's** is ideal for Italian pasta. The **Niscetis** on Broadway has very good duck a l'orange and beef Wellington. The **Ox Bow Restaurant** has a great salad bar and an extensive variety of German food in the Bavarian Room. As far as entertainment goes, check out the **Merry Go Round** at the Copley Plaza for dancing to a live band. The music is of contemporary or light rock nature with a young, thirtyish type crowd. The **Boston Garden** always has big name entertainment, but as of this writing, they had not confirmed their engagements. Give them a call or look them up in the paper. The **Boston Symphony Orchestra** will be playing regularly at **Symphony Hall**. As for sports, both the **Bruins** and the **Celtics** have full schedules at home, playing at least twice a week.

MICHIGAN

Detroit: The old Motor Town is beginning to pick up a bit from its lag in automobile production during the

worst part of the gas and oil "crisis". The shortage is far from over, but the factories are starting to look a bit more normal and the entertainment spots are becoming more active again. Up and coming entertainers can be found at the **Top of the Pouch** in the **Hotel Pontchartrain**, **Ted's Old Town** in Bloomfield Hills, at the **Apartment** on West McNichol and at the **Roostertail's Palm River Club**. The Roostertail's also features top name entertainment like **Tony Bennett**, **Wayne Newton**, **Steve Lawrence** and **Edie Gorme**. Check the current schedule when you get to town. Also, the **Roostertail's Mud Room** presents gracious dining in the romantic South Seas atmosphere, topped off with exotic drinks and flaming desserts. It's well worth stopping by just for a drink and to absorb the surroundings. The **Detroit Symphony** will most likely be in town when you're there, so drop over to the Ford Auditorium and spend an evening listening to fine music. The **Detroit Lions** will be in town on the 3rd with New Orleans, on the 17th with the New York Giants, on the 24th with Chicago and the 28th with Denver. The **Detroit Wheels** of the World Football League will be home with New York on the 6th and with Philadelphia on the 13th.

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis/St. Paul: As the cold begins to move into the Twin Cities, warm, lively entertainment is available in many of these fine establishments. The **Black Angus** has delicious charcoal broiled steaks and a casual atmosphere. The **Cork 'N Cleaver** gives you beef and booze at its best. The **Marriott Exchange** has a specialty menu served in a setting of the trading floor of a grain exchange. The **Anchor Inn** is a good family place featuring all you can eat of chicken, ham, shrimp and ribs. **Jennings Red Coach** not only gives you excellent atmosphere, but also home-made chicken Kiev. **Fuji-Ya** is a delightful experience as you watch the current of the Mississippi River while a fine Japanese dinner is being cooked right at the table. At the **Minnesota Music Hall**

Theatre, a one-man show starring **Max Moroth** in "Rag Time Years" will run from the 5th until December 8th and **Pat O'Brien** will be on the boards in "Paris is Out" from the 1st to the 3rd. The **Minnesota Vikings** will be in the Stadium the 12th with Green Bay.

MISSOURI

Kansas City: There's a lot of action in the K.C. of the "Show Me" state. Some good swinging places are **Mother's**, which provides many big name Vegas stars on a regular basis. As of this writing, they hadn't confirmed their entertainment schedule so give them a call. The **Giraffe** is the newest and most modern discotheque and lounge downtown. A good spot for meeting sweet young things. **Plaza III**, on the **Country Club Plaza**, features the unforgettable jazz sound of Bettye and Milt Able. Also in the plaza area is **Houlihan's Old Place**, small, inexpensive and the atmosphere is terrific — caters to the younger set. As for dinner theatres both the following present good professional plays performed in a relaxing setting and serving a varied menu of fine food. The **Waldo Astoria** will be presenting "Eureka" an entertaining musical comedy until December 1st and **Tiffany's Attic** will feature two comedies during the month — "Second City" from October 15th to November 17th and "She Loves Me" from November 19th to January 12th. There's a wide range of eateries. The **Alameda Roof** atop the **Alameda Plaza Hotel** is an excellent and elegant restaurant with a strolling guitar trio and a great view of the city. Another elegant place is the **American Restaurant** atop **Crown Center**. Great view, super service and outstanding food just bring a full wallet. **Gaetano's** is the best in town for Italian food. They also have great steaks, seafood and thick juicy pizzas. One of the most unique restaurants anywhere is located here — **Stephenson's Apple Farm Restaurant**. Old-fashioned and truly midwestern, it is a food lovers delight. Charcoal broiled steaks, hickory smoked chicken and meats barbecued over hickory and apple wood

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with apple butter, hot apple fritters and bread that melts in your mouth. How can you pass this one up? On the sports scene, the **Kansas City Chiefs** will be on hand on the 3rd with New York and on the 10th with San Diego.

NEVADA

Las Vegas: If you're not in the casinos flirting with Lady Luck, then most any place you'll be will be jumping with excitement. To start at the top, **Aladdin's** continues its run of Barry Ashton's all new edition of "This is Burlesque '74". **Caesars Palace** will have **Alan King** from the 7th to the 27th. The **Castaways** has not, at the time of this writing, booked for the month, but **Circus Circus** continues its circus acts above the casino and it's "Bottoms Up Review". The **Desert Inn** will present **Bobby Gentry** from October 8th thru November 4th. **Juliet Prowse** and **Jan Murray** will round the month off from November 5th to December 2nd. The **Dunes** will continue their "Casino de Paris '74" and **Kippy Lou** will be featured in the **Dome of the Sea**. The **Flamingo** will present the **Mills Brothers** and **Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons** from October 10th through the 6th. The rest of the month is "open" at this writing. The **Fremont** is continuing "Minsky's '74" for an indefinite period so if you don't get a chance to catch it the first time you're in town, you'll probably get another chance. **Jerry Sun**, the **Vagabonds**, **Wendell Atkins** and **Cactus County** will come into the **Golden Nugget** from the 1st through the 7th with **Atkins** continuing along with **Jerry Naylor** from the 8th to the 14th. **Brush Arbor** will be on from the 15th to the 29th accompanied by **Garn Little** from the 15th to 21st and tentatively **Waylon Jennings** until the end of the month. "Fantasy on Ice '74" continues at the **Hacienda**. And the same for **Jo Ann Castle**, Queen of the Honky Tonk Piano. The **Landmark** presents the **Charlie Shaffer Trio** and **Rich Bono** in the **Skytop Rendezvous** and continues to introduce new stars in "A Night with New Stars." The **Vegas Hilton** will present the fabulous **Ann Mar-**



gret from October 28th to November 18th. **Johnny Cash** will follow up from the 19th to the 25th. And **Gladys Knight and the Pips** will be on hand from the 26th to December 9th. The **MGM Grand** will feature **Shekey Greene** from October 23rd to November 5th. **Helen Reddy** will arrive on the 6th to the 19th and the **Jackson Five** will finish the month from the 20th to December 3rd. The **Top of the Mint** continues with **Peter Urquidi** and **Penny Pryor**, and the lounge will have the **Phil Lenk Trio**. The **Congo Room** at the **Sahara** presents **Jerry Lewis** and **Mel Torme** from October 19 to November 4th. **Buddy Hackett** and **James Darren** will be on hand from the 5th to the 11th and **Jim Nabors** and **Charo** follow up from the 12th to December 2nd. The **Casbar Theatre** features **The Zarros** from October 15th to November 4th, **The Mob** from the 13th to December 6th and **Sidro's Armada** from the 26th to December 16th. The **Sands** will have **Rich Little** and **Jerry Vale** from October 30th to November 26th. **Wayne Newton**, **Dave Barry** and the **Jive Sisters** will take over from the 27th to December 17th. The **Stardust** continues the 10th edition of "Le Lido de Paris". And last, but not least, the **Tropicana** will continue "Folies Bergere".

Reno: **Harrah's Headliner Room** will feature **Bill Cosby** from October 26th to November 13th. And **Harrah's Casino Cabaret** is bringing in **Paul Revere** and the **Raiders** and **Mark Lindsay** from October 29th to November 17th. **Jessie Beck's Riverside Hotel** will present **Arnold, Cola and Geno**, and "The Jets." The **Eldorado Hotel and Casino** brings on **Cricket** with the **Esquires** at the **Holiday Hotel Lounge** October 25th to November 24th and **Bob Braman** and **Cork Proc-**

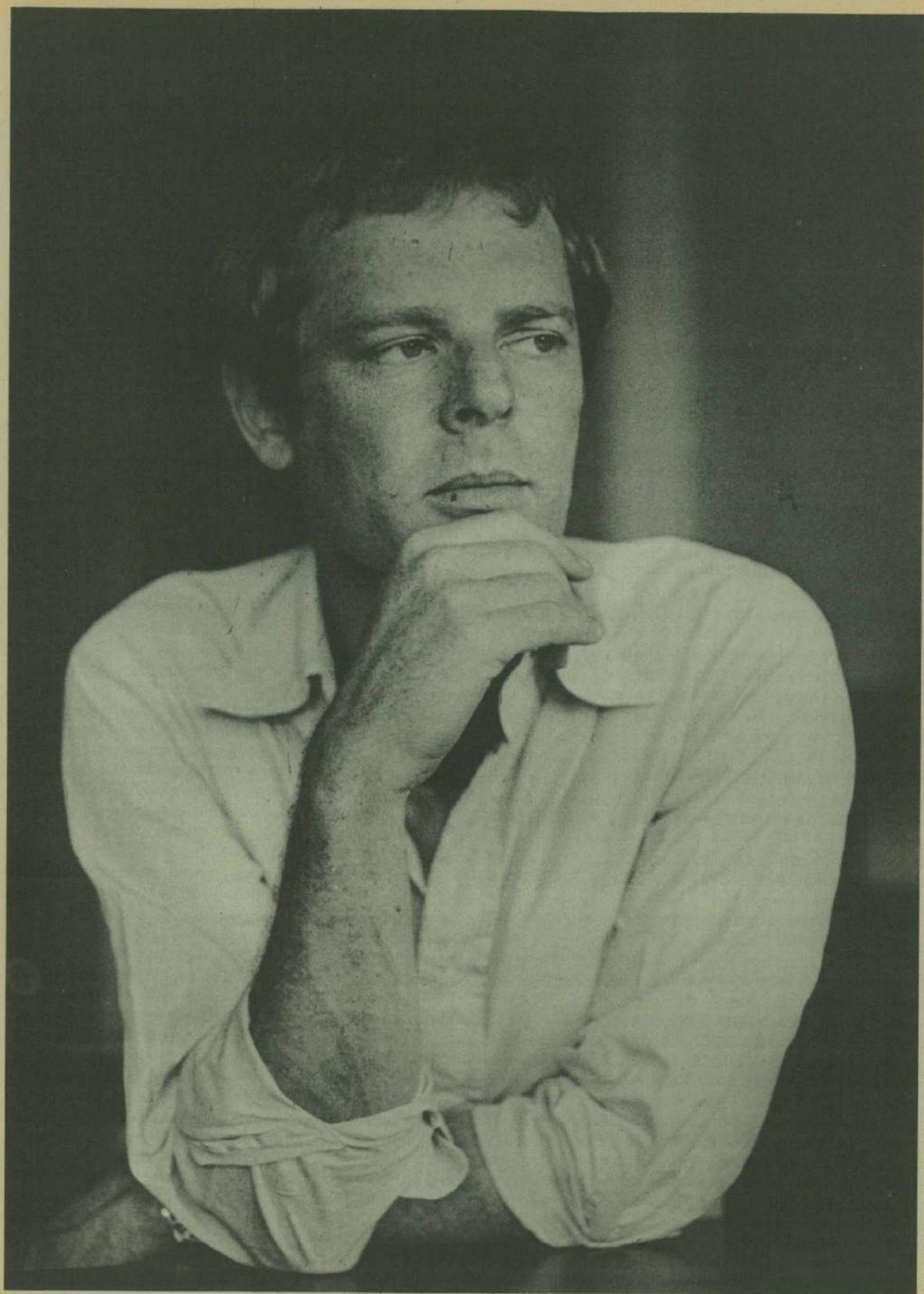
tor at **Harold's Club Silver Dollar Room** October 15th to November 10th. Also, be sure to hit **Mapes Music Hall** for drinks and dancing with your host **Al Bello**.

Lake Tahoe: Just a hop and a jump from Reno is Lake Tahoe neatly tucked away by the side of the Lake. Entertainment is predominantly in two places. **Harrah's South Shore Room** which will have **Glen Campbell** on the boards November 1st to the 14th. At the **Stateline Cabaret**, **Jerry Van Dyke** will be on from October 22nd to November 3rd. The **Circus Room** of **John Ascuaga's Nugget** will have **Jimmy Dean** and the **Imperials** from October 26th to November 13th. The **Cabaret** always has a big name entertainer but, at this writing, had not confirmed their schedule.

NEW YORK

Buffalo: The city located right on the border of Canada and the U.S., and less than 20 miles from Niagara Falls, offers a few special places for fun or dining. The **Park Lane Manor House** is a relatively new building but with old style architecture and traditional food served in the **Round Table**, specializing in oysters and ribs. To add a final touch of atmosphere, the waitresses are dressed in old style English costumes and English period music is played in the background. The **Great Gatsby** has the most spectacular ecliptic decor as well as fine dining pleasure. The **Cloister** has some historical significance in town since it was built on the site of Mark Twain's home. The seafood is delicious plus there's live entertainment nightly, except Sunday and Monday. And as far as a good place for dancing, the **Executive Motor Inn** seems to fill the bill. It's located near the airport and is the swiftest spot in town. And of course, no trip to Buffalo would be complete without a visit to the Falls. The **Horseshoe Falls** at night are really a sight you won't forget. The **Buffalo Bills** have only one home game in November and that's on the 10th with Houston.

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Photos by Ken Currier/Global Communications

AN INTERVIEW WITH PAUL MORRISSEY; ANDY WARHOL'S ACE DIRECTOR

by Timothy Green Beckley

Undisputed underground film czar Paul Morrissey may be relinquishing a title he maintains he probably doesn't rightfully deserve anyway. "I guess I've been categorized as everything from a strict realist to a promoter—an advocate—of so-called underground life styles," the 36-year old movie-maker, who looks ten years younger, told this reporter during a recent interview. "People always ask me if I have a message—some inner truth—that I want to get across. Well, this may come as a shock and a disappointment to a lot of folks, but putting it in simple language, I just want to make movies, and so I do it with the means, and individuals, that are readily accessible..."

Morrissey, who began his career in his twenties making sex comedies "which weren't really sexy and which weren't really comedies," holds forth in a Union Square loft owned by his chief mentor and prophet—Andy Warhol.

Casually taking periodic glances out of an open window overlooking Manhattan's Union Square Park—

PAUL MORRISSEY

once a mecca for soapbox orators spewing forth left wing political philosophies, and now basically a discount-mart shopping district—Morrissey eagerly reflected on his decade as a film director.

While at the same time admitting his flick-creating efforts may differ greatly from those of his Hollywood counterparts, Paul maintains that he has been given an unreasonably tough time by the press. "I don't blame people for thinking I'm a bit crazy," he brought out. "After all, the way the critics write about me you would think I was a freak or something."

HUSTLER: Paul, you're in your mid-thirties now. When did you first pick up a motion picture camera and decide you were going to make movies for a living?

MORRISSEY: First you must understand making movies is not like being in some rock band—you don't get started in your teens. It's too expen-

sive. Personally, I took the initial step sometime during my twenties. I couldn't give you an exact date. My first ventures were silly little nothing films which nobody saw. I had to evolve to where I am today. It's been a gradual process. Looking back, I never said, I'm going to stop doing everything else and make films. I'm unusual in that I always believed in informal ways of doing things. I'm not your stereo-type director.

HUSTLER: No doubt everyone feels—and I suppose rightly so—that your success had a great deal to do with meeting Andy Warhol. How did the two of you get together?

MORRISSEY: That's asked by eight billion other people. It was nothing. We met in the lobby of a Loew's Theater. I walked up to Andy and introduced myself. There was nothing outrageous or exciting about our initial encounter. It was most casual.

HUSTLER: What was your earliest project as produced under the auspices of Andy Warhol?

MORRISSEY: "*Flesh*" was the first film we really made for the theater. It had a good success.

HUSTLER: Where did the themes for "*Trash*," "*Flesh*," and "*Heat*" come from? Any similarity to your own background?

MORRISSEY: We just thought up the

themes on the spur of the moment. There was never a particular similarity to any events in my own life. As far as I was concerned they were just pure and simple stories.

HUSTLER: Isn't it true none of your films are scripted in advance? Don't you consider this unique but, at the same time, impractical and alien to the means by which other directors create film works?

MORRISSEY: What you say is only partially accurate! It depends largely on what I'm trying to produce. I've certainly made films that were partially scripted but I have also been able—in certain instances—to create a movie where the actors improvise totally. "*Heat*" was done in this manner. The plot—the general story line—and even some of the actual dialogue was discussed beforehand. However, in the final shooting each performer was allowed the freedom to put their own individual styles into the work.

HUSTLER INTERVIEW

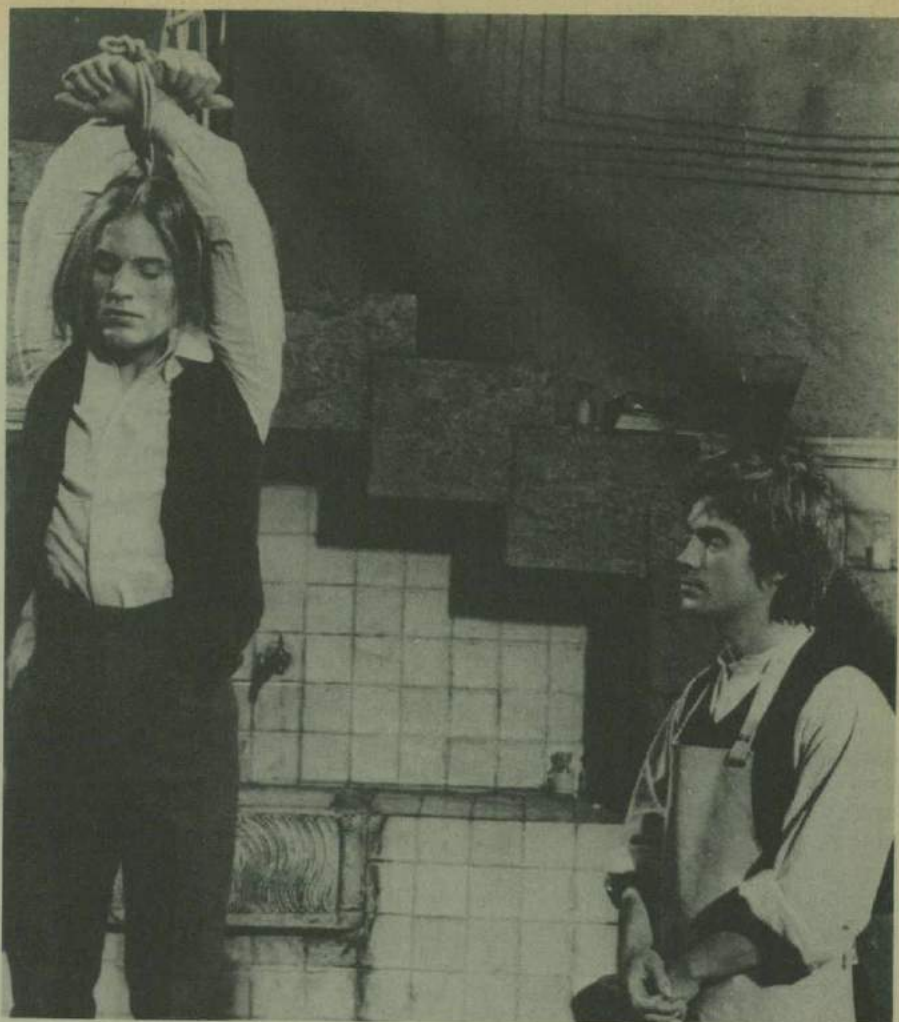
HUSTLER: By the way, where do you get your "stars" from?

MORRISSEY: Most of them are just people I know. One paper quoted me as having said that I ride around in a cab all night picking people up off the streets. That, my friend, is crazy. Pure shit. This is how things—rumors—get their start. Some idiot interviewer misinterprets what you've said and before you know it other junk journalists have picked it up and are spreading lies around. This really bothers me.

People are bound to say, "Wow, that Paul Morrissey is really a freak. He goes and picks up people." All they want to do is categorize me. Pretty soon I'm like a drug addict selling dope and picking up derelicts out of the gutter and pushing them in front of a camera. That's what they want you to believe.

HUSTLER: About five or six years ago one of your films, "*Blue Movies*," was confiscated by the police department in New York. The reason was that Viva, a star of your own making, did some rather risqué sexual stunts

HUSTLER INTERVIEW



that supposedly displeased the boys at city hall. While some people might refer to this—as well as other movies you have done—as pornography, it is light compared to *"Deep Throat"* *"Behind The Green Door,"* etc. Did you see the advent of general hard core porno for mass distribution back in the late 1960's?

MORRISSEY: I don't think anyone figured say, even five years ago, that pornography would be as prevalent in the film industry as it is today. We never thought of what we were doing as pornographic—by current standards it wasn't. Much of what we did was pure comedy. *"Blue Movies"* was a little film that perhaps got "funny" for a few moments, so it was censored.

Who sets the standards that determine what encompasses obscenity? I really don't know what pornography is and it looks like our courts can't decide, either.

HUSTLER: Do you have any thoughts—any feelings—on such porno celebrities as Linda Lovelace, Marilyn Chambers or Tina Russell?

MORRISSEY: Frankly I've never seen

any of their movies. I don't follow that type of thing. I suppose you're into it—the scene—or you're not. Actually I miss a lot of films and if I were going to take in a show I'd certainly go to see something that interests me. This form of entertainment, frankly, leaves me cold.

HUSTLER: After you've finished a film—said "that's it"—do you ever look back at a particular scene and say, "Damn, I wish I had done this or that?" Or, "That's really awful?"

MORRISSEY: Very seldom. I like most of what I've done. Sure, there are scenes that could have been approached differently—extended further or done better. There might have even been more appropriate dialogue used. But for the most part they all turned out pretty well. The stories—the completed films—have a unique life of their own which I would not want to see changed too much. Remember, they weren't supposed to be preconceived.

HUSTLER: Instead of straight sex, homosexuals, drag queens and the like seem to predominate in your

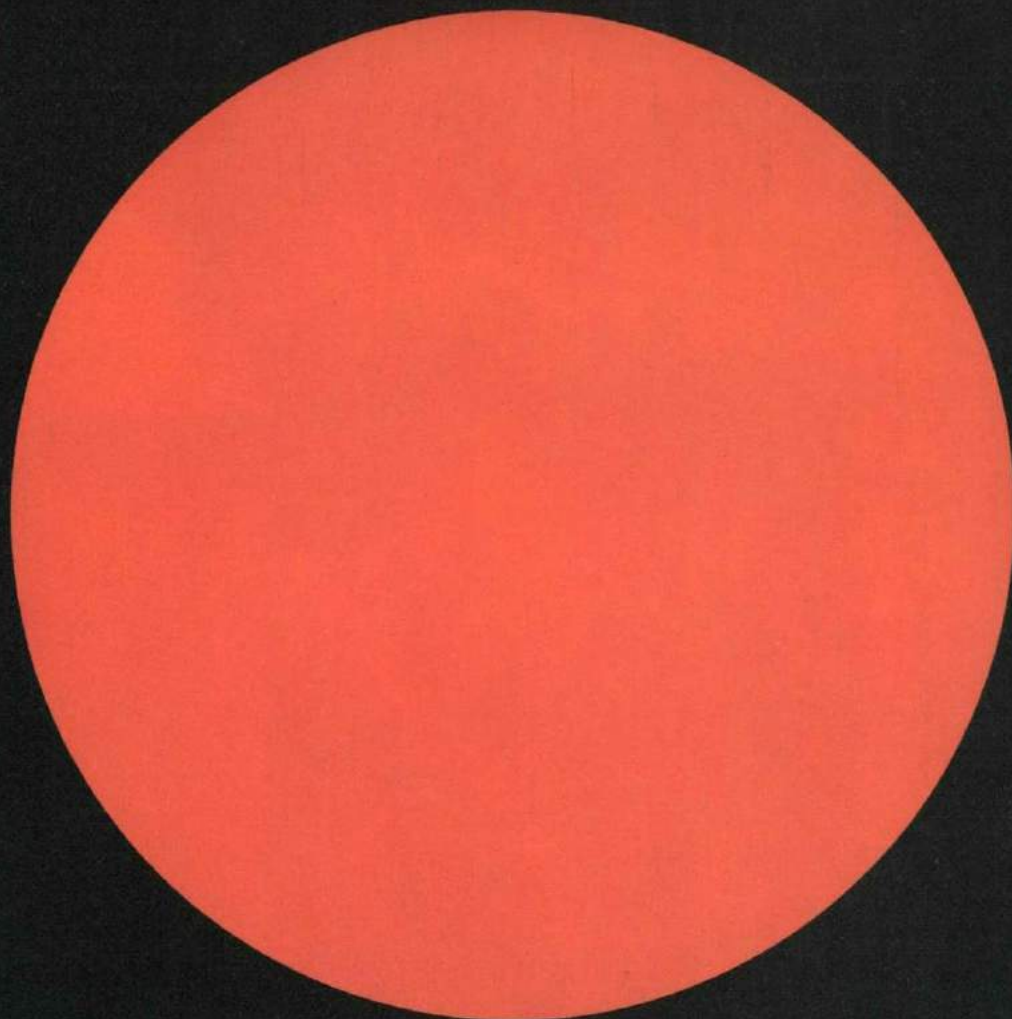
films.

MORRISSEY: That's a really gross misconception. People enjoy making mention of this all the time just because a few of my films happened to touch on these "sensitive" areas. The press won't let me live it down. They have always exaggerated it out of proportion. It's always been a tiny part of what I do.

HUSTLER: Why have you started, with the making of *"Frankenstein,"* to play down the sex angle and include more violence? Does sex and violence predominate your thinking?

MORRISSEY: Absolutely not! I started out doing a few sex comedies. Well, alright they weren't really sex and—to a lot of people—they weren't comedies. In the literal sense they were realistic films. Now I've decided to move on to something else. I look at each film as being a separate entity onto itself. My current interest includes making exaggerated action films, thus my version of *"Frankenstein"*. It's true I've never depended on violence in the past. But doesn't it

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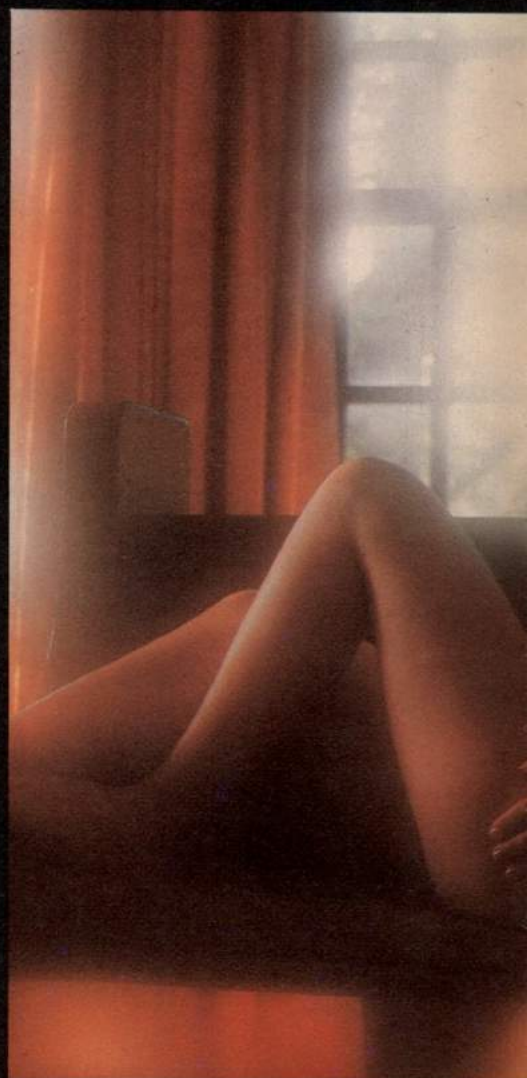


california girls



All the leaves are brown and the sky is grey, I'd be safe and warm if I were in L.A.,
I went for a walk on a winter's day, California Dreamin' on such a winter's day.

(Mamas and the Papas, "California Dreamin'")



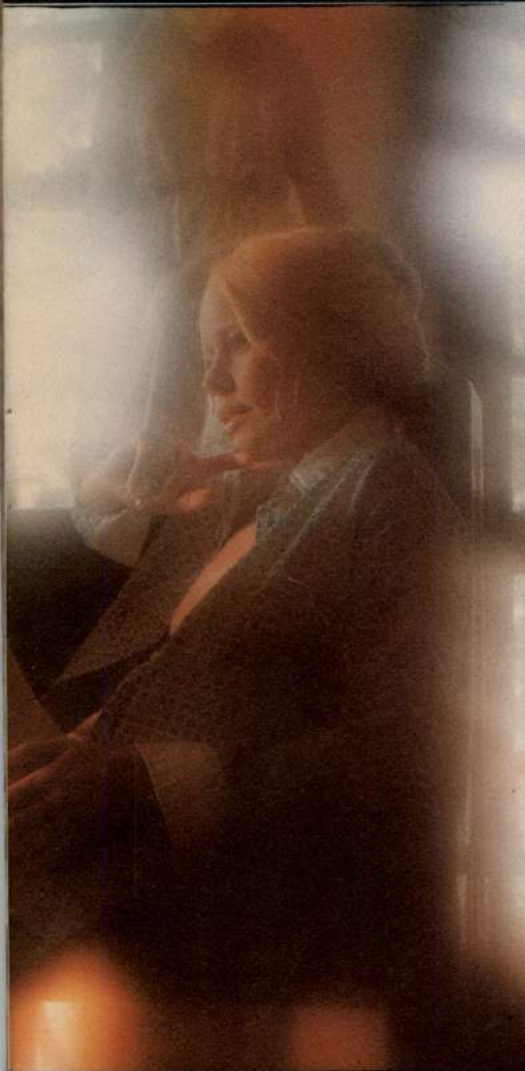
California — the land of sunshine and summer all year 'round. Where one can bask in the best of everything in life. At your doorstep is the most varied and unique entertainment in clubs, discotheques and theaters, neatly framed by the beauty of the rolling ocean, the long sandy beaches and the scenic mountain ranges. A distinctive blend of physically energized excitement and mentally stimulating and artistic endeavors. Whatever your taste, it will surely be found

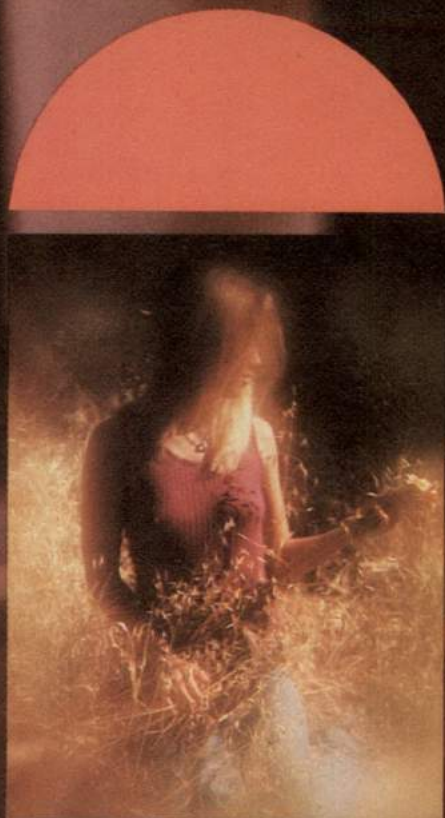
and satisfied in California.

Where women are tanned and willing — men are strong and loving.

Fun and freedom are everywhere, strongly influenced by the prevailing attitude of easy living.

There is a mood, a California mood, that takes hold of everyone that enters this dream state. If you have ever been there, you know that feeling. It's been a land of promise to some and a hope for fulfillment for others, ever since the gold rush days.





The women of California are some of the finest creatures in the nation because they are from all over the nation. They are a mix of the south, east and north to form the best of the west.







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california girls

With a fun-loving, peace-wanting philosophy, they greet you everywhere—on the streets, in the airports, on the beaches, in the clubs—everywhere.

Tina has lived in Los Angeles for four years and has worked as an artist's assistant, a waitress, lifeguard and mostly as a go-go girl. She loves to work when everyone is playing and having a good time because it gives her a better feeling about her work.

"I'll work any job that surrounds me with people enjoying themselves. In that way I enjoy myself too and my job isn't a job. It's just an extension of everyone playing. You meet a lot of interesting and different types of people too, which I think is half the fun. I've been dancing for about two years now, in various clubs and I really enjoy it. Not everyone can get up and shake their bodies in front of a big group of people and I love it. I'm an exhibitionist and sometimes I really get aroused while on stage, looking at all those people's faces looking at me. I usually dance nude but every now and then I wear pasties and a bottom or just a g-string, especially if the law has been giving the club some trouble. It's a real gas watching the guys' faces while I'm up there. You can tell what part of the body turns them on most just by watching their eyes. Some go for my tits, or my ass. Some just dig on the whole concept—me. I might pick a guy out and dance just for him and that really seems to drive him, and me, wild. While I'm not dancing, I usually sit at the bar and talk to everyone that comes in. There are an awful lot of tourists, who are usually not as easy-going as the people who live here and, of course, you have your regulars. Sometimes it's like one big happy family because you get to know some of them pretty well.





california girls

We always have a good time no matter what type of crowd it is. But then again, I think that's the story with everything I do here. California seems to inspire fun and good times."

"If you're going to San Francisco, be sure to wear some flowers in your hair. If you're going to San Francisco, you're going to meet some gentle people there."

(Scott McKenzie)

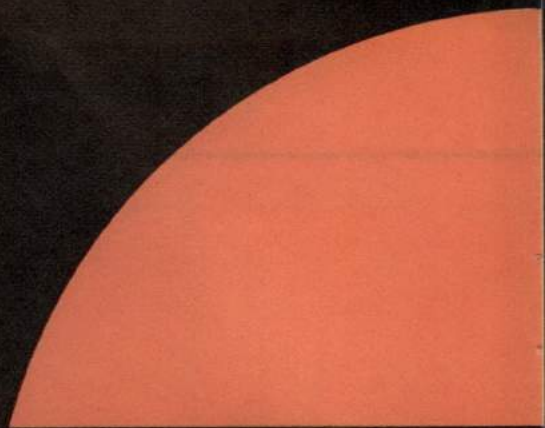
Jane is one of the "gentle people" of San Francisco that Scott sang about a few years ago. Even tho she has lived on the West Coast for 13 years, she says that she's well aware of the change of atmosphere and mood in Californians as compared with other Americans.

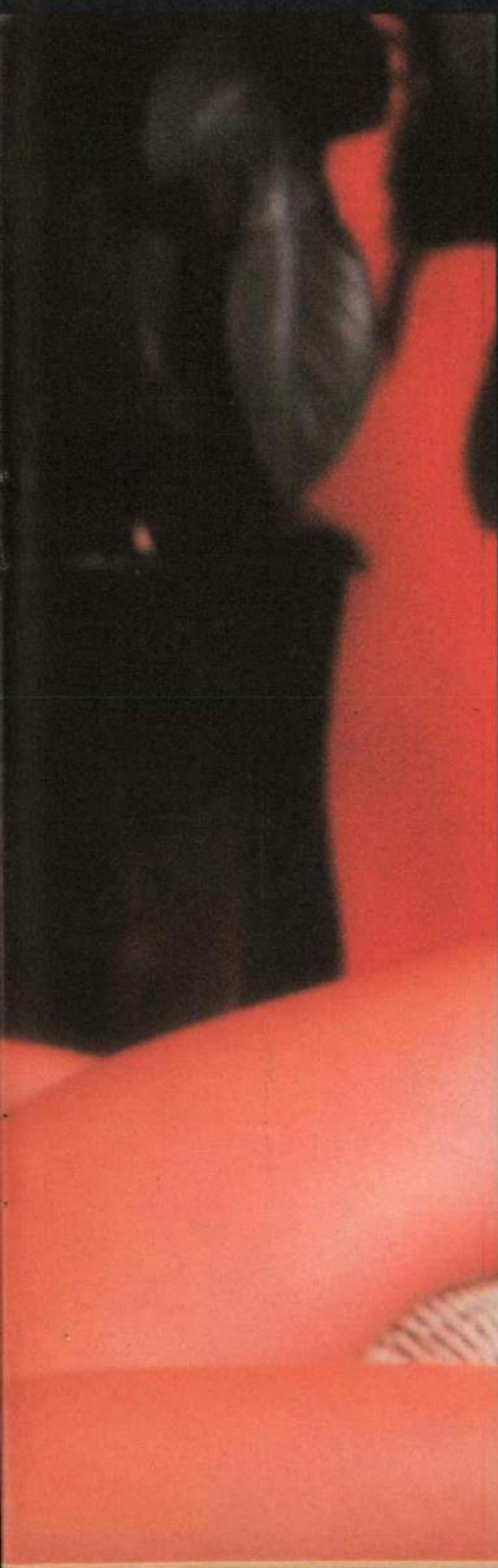
"California is truly where it's happening. There is so much to do here and yet you can be so content doing nothing. It's just a free and easy atmosphere — no pressures or hassels. You can do your own thing and no one bothers you."

"People are friendlier here than anywhere else I've ever been. They aren't afraid to show their feelings about anything — life, love, sex, other people. It's just a great way to live. Like if you dig someone, you tell them. If you want to screw, you do it. There aren't any double standards, like where the girl should wait for the guy to make the first move. If you got the feeling, show it. Sometimes guys really get off on a girl approaching them for a piece of ass. And why shouldn't she, if she wants to."

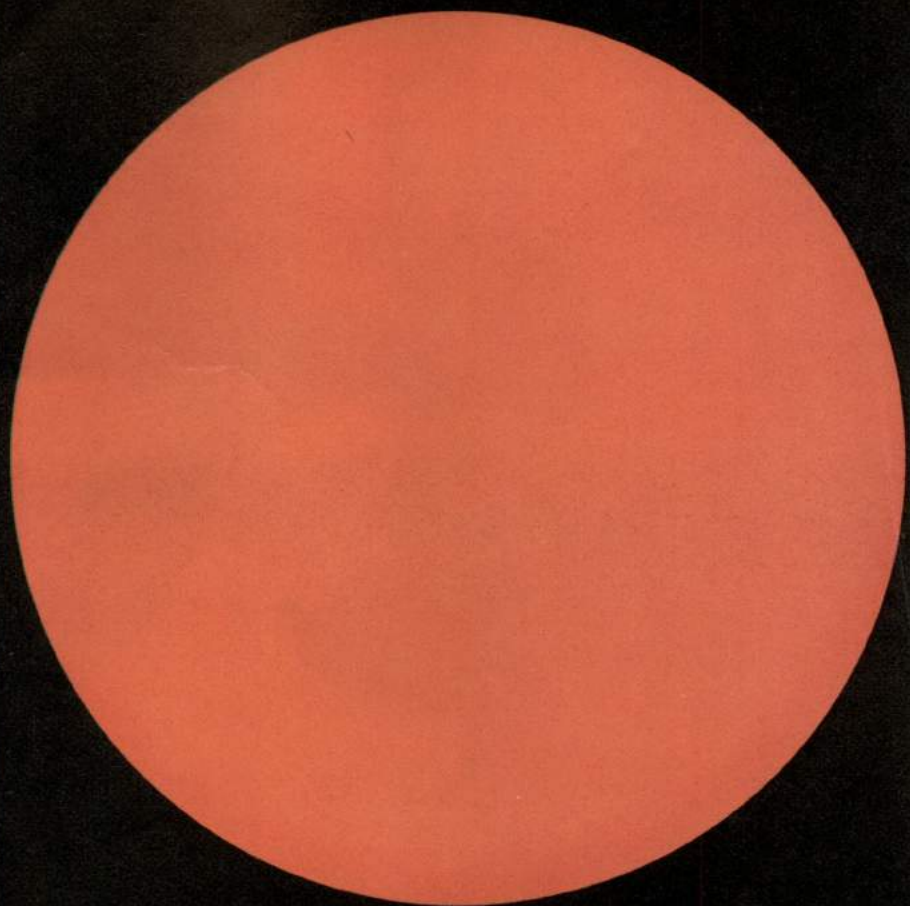
"I've lived all over the state and love it all but I do have one extra special, favorite place. That's Monterey, with the overwhelming cliffs and ocean at Big Sur nearby and San Francisco not too far up the Coast. It's a real showplace. You can't help but leave a little bit of yourself there."













BURLESQUE BOUNCES BACK!

by FRANK THISTLE

Is the popularity of pornographic movies on the wane? It sure is. Consider the situation in Buffalo, New York. Several months ago there were no live burlesque shows there. They were driven out a handful of years ago by the public appetite for X-rated films. But recently three burlesque shows reopened.

"The people are tired of X-rated movies that show everything," says Dewey Michaels, proprietor of the Palace.

Michaels, who once featured striptease artists and baggy-pants comedians, switched to showing only pornographic movies late last decade and, at first, business prospered. However, attendance soon began

dwindling. Then one theater showing X-rated films offered live strippers again. A second theater quickly followed suit, and later the old Palace resumed burlesque. But the transition wasn't easy.

Today burlesque has bounced back in Buffalo and all over the country. It was struck a body blow and nearly died some years ago when sexploitation films and live sex acts on stage came into vogue. But these way-out forms of sex entertainment finally reached a saturation point, not to mention legal hassles with the law. Now, would you believe it, good old-fashioned sex is experiencing a revival after a period when pornography and explicit sex ruled regally.

"It's hard to find strippers today," Michaels says. "Everybody wants them — burlesque shows, night clubs, go-go bars. I had to call all over to put a show together."

People have become tired of raw sex and this has given burlesque a



new lease on life. There's no doubt about it. Burlesque is the fastest growing form of live entertainment in the U. S. today. Not since its heyday in the tipsy twenties and thirsty thirties has the ancient art of peel-and-peer displayed so much vim and vigor. Entertainment experts agree that burlesque has bounced back in beautiful shape after traveling a bumpy road since its inception at the turn of the century.

Not long ago, the New Follies Theater in San Francisco quietly dropped its live-sex act and reverted to bump-and-grind burlesque. Manager Raymond "Tiny" Becker, a bearded, 300-pounder, claims the heat from the police finally got too hot.

"They busted us 11 times in two months," he says.

He is now awaiting three trials on charges of showing obscene films, staging obscene performances and conspiracy to commit misdemeanors. While awaiting trial, Becker had second thoughts about his operation and finally decided to go legit and return to burlesque.

Many other entrepreneurs have jumped on the burlesque bandwagon. For example, Mrs. Betty Knab, owner of the Gayety art film house in Columbus, Ohio, recently switched from sex movies to live burlesque, which she says is on a higher plane than art pictures.

"You put a woman on that screen and she's 23 feet tall," says Mrs. Knab. "Put a live woman on the stage and she's less than six feet tall and you're not going to see nearly as much. There is nothing obscene about burlesque. It's talent and the performers are nice, clean people, some with college degrees."

Another lady who feels the same way about burlesque is Mrs. Beverly Schecter, operator of the Hillside, a burley house in the New York City area. The blonde mother of three admits she did "a lot of soul-searching" before going into the burlesque business about a year ago.

"I'll be honest," confides Mrs. Schecter, whose husband is a jewelry manufacturer, "the word stuck in my throat at first. But now I'm proud. My shows are cleaner than most on Broadway. We're reviving the kind of burlesque that used to be, not the kind for degenerates."

Mrs. Schecter, who describes her

Without question,
burlesque has become,
once again, an "in"
form of amusement.

shows as "family entertainment — but don't bring the kids," contends that burlesque is definitely experiencing a renaissance.

"Where else can you enjoy live entertainment for a modest price? The movie theaters haven't offered stage shows for years, and Broadway and night clubs are too expensive for many people."

Burlesque is now back in Boston and booming. In May, 1973 the city granted an entertainment license to the Essex Theater Corporation for burlesque shows at the Pilgrim Theater on Washington Street. Boston hasn't had a live burlesque theater for 11 years. The Old Howard, the most famous burlesque house in the country, was destroyed by fire in June, 1961. The city's other burley theater, the Casino, shuttered soon afterwards when the Scollay Square area was razed for urban renewal.

Joe Savino, former owner of the Casino who now owns the Pilgrim, says he is presenting "old time burlesque with updated modifications." In granting a license, the Licensing Commission was very specific concerning the terms under which he could operate his burley house. The Pilgrim is located in what is known as Boston's "combat zone," an area overrun with bars, X-rated movie theaters and strip joints. Savino claims that his clean burlesque shows are "upgrading the area."

On the West Coast, a gal who got her start a quarter of a century ago in Oakland, California, and has been kicking up a storm on the burlesque circuit ever since, is doing her bit to clean up the tawdry strip joints of San Francisco's North Beach. Flame-haired Tempest Storm, who says, "I would never think of disrobing indecently with no covering whatsoever," has managed over the years to show

enough of her 40-21-34 figure to keep the customers coming back for more. Recently, she revived traditional strip tease in the Off Broadway, one of the clubs hit by legal rulings that have toned down North Beach's "take-it-all-off" shows and darkened the X-rated signs. Customers are delighted with the switch.

In Las Vegas, burlesque is alive and thriving along the Strip. One of the main reasons is the humorous, tasteful, delightful presentation offered by Barry Ashton at the Silver Slipper Gambling Hall and Saloon. Ashton's "Wonderful World of Burlesque" features veteran comics, the luscious, well-endowed Ashton Girls and lusty strippers like Angelique and Astradella.

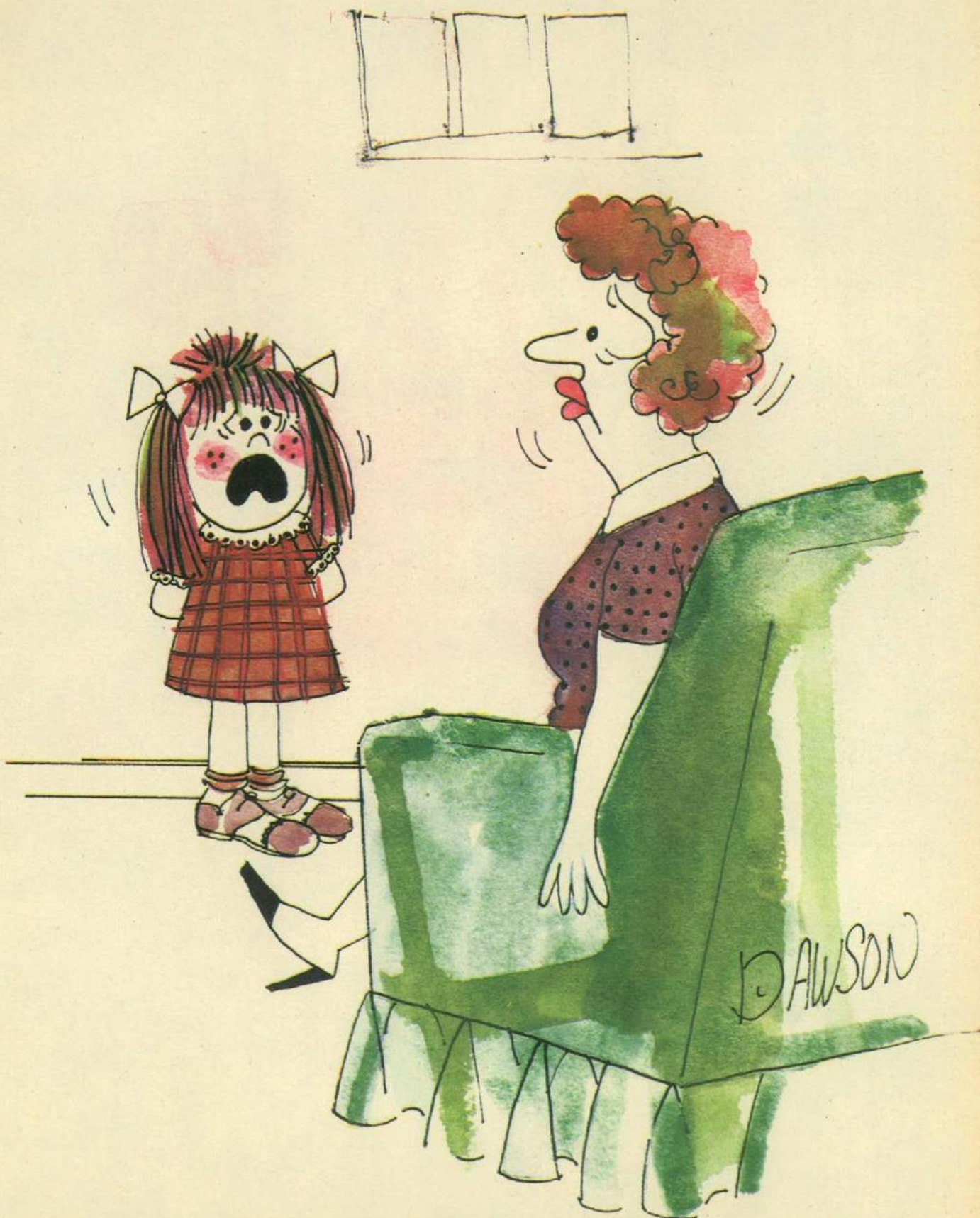
Burlesque is booming outside the U. S. as well. For example, not long ago, a third strip house, Chick's Nest, opened in Ottawa, the capital of Canada. It raised the question: "Can all three houses survive?" But at the moment all three are going great guns. The two other houses are Pandora's Box and the Bodee-shop. Chick's Nest is the only one located in the heart of the downtown area near many government offices. It features a daily noon matinee to lure civil servants on their lunch hour.

And across the Atlantic, in London, four former nude chorus girls are trying to revive a relic of London nightlife — the old Windmill Theater that defied Hitler's blitz and delighted GI's in World War II with nonstop burlesque. For 32 years the Windmill offered burlesque, demure by current standards, to its public until 1964 when it was converted into a movie theater showing sex films. A long line of British comedians and actors, including Peter Sellers, got their start in show business there.

Four of its more recent stars, led by singer Polly Perkins, a Windmill nude when she was 15, are trying to raise enough money to buy out the lease from millionaire cinema owner Laurie Marsh. The girls want to bring back to the Windmill the old follies-type revues that once graced the stage.

"We hope we can raise the money," Miss Perkins, 28, said. "A lot of the old Windmill girls are doing well and some of them married well. We hope wealthy fans and some of the stage-door johnnies will help us out. I think we could put on a damn good show

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"When I get married my husband will expect me to be a virgin? . . . NOW you tell me!"



concentrated girl

by D. R. BUTLER

Marty sat on the floor and stared at the candle flame, trying not to think. Thoughts would only make him restless and create desires. The world had changed so drastically over such a short period of time that most desires could no longer be fulfilled. He had been brought up in one world and now was sentenced to live in another.

He stared at the candle flame for of the former President's defenders claimed that there was nothing so wrong since other Presidents were guilty of the same offenses. Only they never got caught. Perhaps. Perhaps there were even some similarities between Teapot Dome and Watergate. Still, two wrongs do not make a right.

He lived in an empty, one-room apartment, with loud neighbors flanking him to the left and the right, clomping like cavemen above him and blasting a television below him during the five hours of the day electrical entertainment was allowed.

His apartment had no means of providing artificial heat or coolness. Its furnishings included a mattress, blankets, a supply of candles, and a refrigerator containing enough food for a couple of days. When it was gone he would go to the supermarket and they would check his name and let him take food for another three days. He had long since learned to ignore the hunger pains that wracked his stomach, for food was not plentiful and their idea of a three days' supply was the bare essentials to sustain the body. Marty was considerably skinnier than he used to be.

He wondered when Celia was coming. He had no idea what time it was, and didn't really care. He never thought about time anymore. Celia distributed food at one of the supermarkets and would come to him when she got off.

There was no work for Marty, just as there was no work for millions. There was no fuel to supply the energy to do the kind of work they used to do, so, consequently, there was nothing to be done. Marty contemplated whether or not he should get out an-

other candle. Funny thing, they let you have candles by the hundreds, encouraging you to take them. A society of people concentrating on candle flames, they figured, was better than a society of people restlessly searching for something to do.

The knock on the door was Celia. Marty unlatched the door and she bustled in with bright eyes, happy to see him. "Hey, Poo," she said, grabbing him and kissing him right on the mouth. Marty barely managed to get the door closed with her tongue ramming between his teeth. She grabbed him tightly around the neck and almost pulled him to the floor, stabbing him with her tongue. Finally he managed to break away.

"I thought candle fire was hot," he gasped.

She laughed, a girlish giggle, and went after his neck again. This time he was hungry for her and he began nibbling on her lips, eating them up, a feast. She tasted good, smelled good. He put his nostrils next to her mouth and took a whiff, then began biting her lips again.

"Hey!" she squealed, this time pulling away herself. "Watch out or we'll be pumping on the floor like animals, and I hardly even know you." She laughed mischievously and ran over to the other side of the room. Marty watched her short dress flit up and down as her legs pranced. He remembered when the girls used to wear underwear. Celia froze in front of the window and stared out.

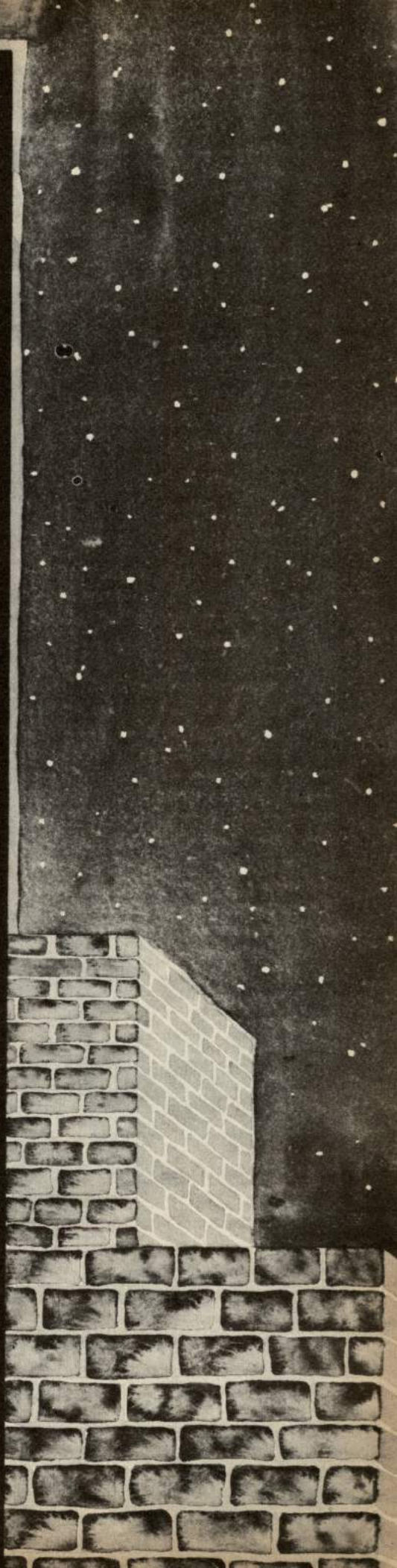
All she saw were other plain brick buildings. A few people walked or rode bicycles in the street, without certain destinations. "I had to work four hours today," she said. "One of the girls was sick or something and they couldn't find a standby in time, so I had to do her shift, too."

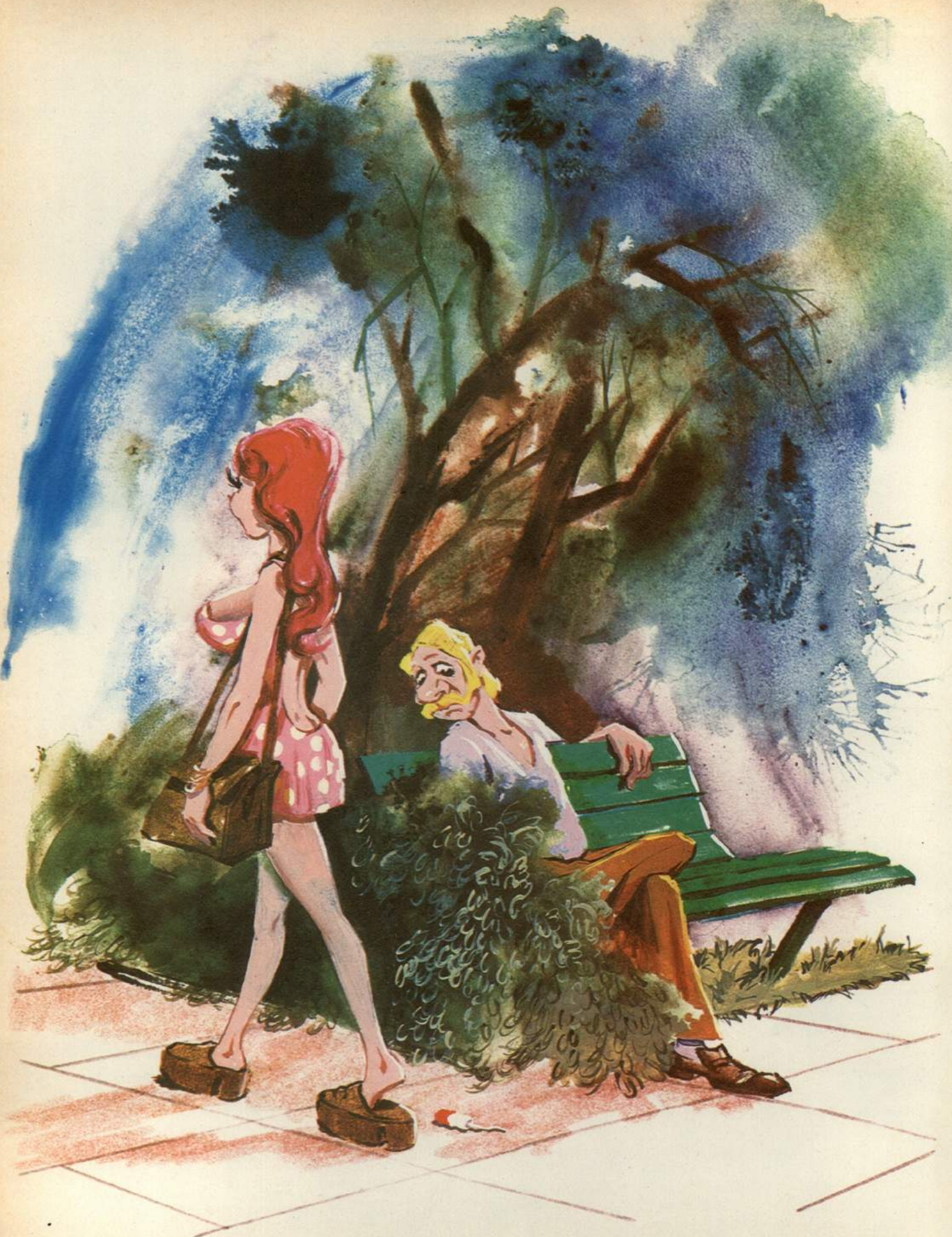
"At least you have something to do," Marty told her.

"Poo, you sit here on your fanny meditating on me all day. That's enough for any man."

Her eyes twinkled with mischief again. They were oval-shaped, greenish-blue. Reddish-brown hair

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"That's a switch from handkerchiefs, anyway!"

hustler • humor



"How do you know Bob and Alice were virgins when they got married?"

"Well, on their honeymoon night, after she finally got enough courage to come out of the bathroom, she found he had locked himself in the closet."

Question put to the Advice to the Lovelorn editor — "Is it alright to masturbate. Came the reply "It's perfectly alright but only if you're really in love with yourself."

Then there's the Miami Beach hotel where the bellboys were really tip crazy. One guest phoned down for a deck of cards and the bell boy came up 52 times.

Our office boy tells us his girl loves him so much she goes out with other boys so he can get his proper rest.



One Saturday afternoon, a man's wife came home from a lingerie shop with a pair of frilly imported \$20 panties. She explained it by saying, "After all, dear, you wouldn't expect to find top-quality perfume in a cheap bottle, would you?"

"No," snapped her husband, "and I wouldn't expect to find gift wrappings around a dead beaver, either!"

She's like a New Year's Resolution — Easy to make but hard to keep.

A rich farmer had to leave on a trip so he ordered one of his trusted farmhands to take care of things. When he came back the farmhand enthusiastically reported, "Everything's fine. The hens have been laying lots of eggs, the cows giving plenty of milk, and as for those monthly spells your daughter used to have, I've even got those stopped."

There's a new phone service for old maids — An Obscene Dial-A-Call.

She: "What drives a man to drink?"

He: "It's the salty pretzels you eat that does it!"



A sophomore in college explained to his doctor that he got his case of V.D. from a toilet seat. The doctor pointed out "next time, try a bed when having sex."

"What's the difference between a prophylactic and a parachute?"

"When a parachute breaks, someone dies."

"What didn't you like about rosie?"

"Well, there was something about her — but I couldn't put my finger on it."

Then there's the bachelor who frequents the cheapest prostitutes — why pay for a high price spread when you can't tell them apart in the dark?

Song of the pregnant girls: "My dreamboat turned out to be a destroyer."

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Afternoon on Skid Row

by JAMES HINES

We were sitting around shivering in our shoes, in the Bucket of Blood, the last Skid Row tavern on Glimmer Street in Chicago. Outside, the cold afternoon March wind, driving in from the Great Lakes, was whipping around the dive, shaking it and rattling beer signs out front.

Jake, the bartender, leaned on the oak-top bar and began to scream, saying "God! Oh, God!" and beating the bar with clenched fists.

In a wrinkled blue gabardine dress, Dorothy, who had not been in bed for a week—she couldn't find anyone with enough money to lay with her and catch a dose—was sitting spraddle-legged in a straight-back chair behind the stove, head down, her tawny blonde hair falling over her face.

When Jake screamed, she looked up and around, numbly, a wild expression in her bloodshot eyes. Pointing a trembling hand at him, she yelled in a jerky, high-pitched voice, "God-dammit, Jake, cut the noise! How you expect me to sleep?" Then she dropped her head back onto her breasts and her hair fell back over her face. Taking her hand, she slowly brushed the hair away, muttering, "What the hell? What the hell?"

Presently Jake raised up from the bar and looked toward Dorothy, a look

of anguish on his thin face, and shaking like a person with the ague; he said, "I can't help it, Dot. Lord, I can't!" He began crying again and pounding the bar with his fists.

I had known Jake for three years but I didn't know anything about him except that he had once been married and was from Arkansas. Now, in his early thirties, he worked for Joe Angelini, the owner of the Bucket of Blood, and had for the past year practically run the place while Angelini warmed his bones on the sunny beaches of Florida.

Jake knew how to handle the crowd that came to Glimmer; knew how to handle the girls when they cut in on one another's parties, how to stop fights, and get rid of drunks when they were causing too much trouble—which was seldom the case in the Bucket of Blood, for the drunker you got the more welcome you were. Now Jake was getting over a long drunk and had the "nervous crawls." He would be talking and all at once he would double up and cry, beating the bar with his fists, even though someone might only be ordering beer; "See what I mean?" he would moan. "You know what I mean. I'm nervous and jumpy. I got the shakes; that's all." Jake's hysterical screams aroused everyone in the joint, most of us hav-



DONOFRIO

AFTERNOON ON SKIDROW: Jake screamed again. "Keep them off! Keep the god-damn stinking devils off!"

ing been asleep, lying with our heads on beer tables; on the bar, which ran almost the full length of the room on the right-hand side; and behind the heating stove, which had no fire in it. None of us felt like building a fire, so we shivered and almost froze, our blood fifty percent alcohol, while the Great Lakes winds moaned and whipped around the dilapidated building.

Jake screamed again. "Keep them off! Keep the god-damn stinking devils off! I'm going to hell when I die!" He began clawing at himself, scratching his face with his finger nails and reeling blindly down the bar, sending empty beer bottles crashing to the floor. "I'm going to hell when I die! I'm going to burn under old Satan's kettle! I'm going to hell — Eee-eee-yow!" Jake screamed again and again like a person obsessed with a thousand devils. Dorothy began laughing — a laugh at once harsh, sardonic and brittle — and others began laughing in loud guffaws. "Where do you expect to go, Jake?" she said. "Heaven?" Then the whole tavern shook with coarse, vulgar laughter, while Dorothy, getting the greatest kick of all out of it, laughed until tears streamed down her haggard face.

"Blow-In" Al, lying in the corner behind the stove, hat over his forehead and eyes, a three week's growth of beard on his face, raised up onto an elbow and shouted, "Jake won't be by himself, by god! He'll have plenty of company!" But Jake paid no attention to Dorothy or the crowd and went right on fighting himself. "Somebody beat me on the back," he yelled. "I'm sick. I'm dying! Aaah — I'll never touch another drop of liquor long as I live."

Jake's inhuman screams started as a wail and ended in a low moan, like the driving wind outside; as though the Prince of Darkness had already stuck a pitchfork into him. He turned from the bar, grabbed a bottle of wine, poured a beer glass full, and gulped it down in one quick drink, making a wry face and then letting loose a dry, hacking cough. The rest of us looked on, licking our lips and wishing we had enough money to buy a bottle.

I had been on the outside pan-

handling but hadn't done any good. Three other guys had been out that same day, trying to raise enough money to buy a jug, but it was so cold and the wind so strong that not many people were astir and they hadn't been in a charitable mood. All I received in three hours of standing on the street, asking for handouts, were two ten-cent pieces, enough to buy two-thirds of a bottle of beer. Jake credited me for a dime, although this was strictly against the house rules, and gave me a whole bottle. Before I could drink it, Dorothy slipped up behind me, jerked it off the bar and gulped half the bottle in one quick drink before I could grab it away from her.

Suddenly Dorothy jumped to her feet, kicking her chair backwards, and went over to the bar and beat Jake on the back with the palm of her hand, trying to make him loosen his insides and throw up the poison. She hit him on the back with all her might and each time she hit him she yelled with a fiendish glee and shouted in a high-pitched voice, "Heave, Jake! Heave!" Jake had his index finger down his throat and when Dorothy pounded him tears fell from his eyes and onto the bar and he gagged himself and tried his best to vomit.

He would be better off if Dorothy would stick a knife in his back, I thought, and put him out of his misery. He's no good to himself, or the world either. He can't help getting drunk. He has sworn to me at least fifty times that he was going to stop drinking, but instead his drinking bouts last longer each time . . . As I raised up onto my elbow and watched Jake from across the room, it looked as if there were two Jakes. I shook my head. It cleared. There was one Jake. I was in just as bad a shape as Jake, but I didn't let it get me. We had started out on a booze together, three weeks before, after I had made a haul from handouts and Jake had saved a little cash from his job. "Lee," he had said to me, "let's have a drink." And so we had, but one drink called for another and we had kept on drinking. We had got drunk and gone to a flophouse and slept it off, and after

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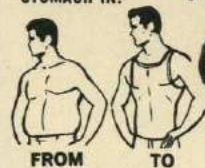
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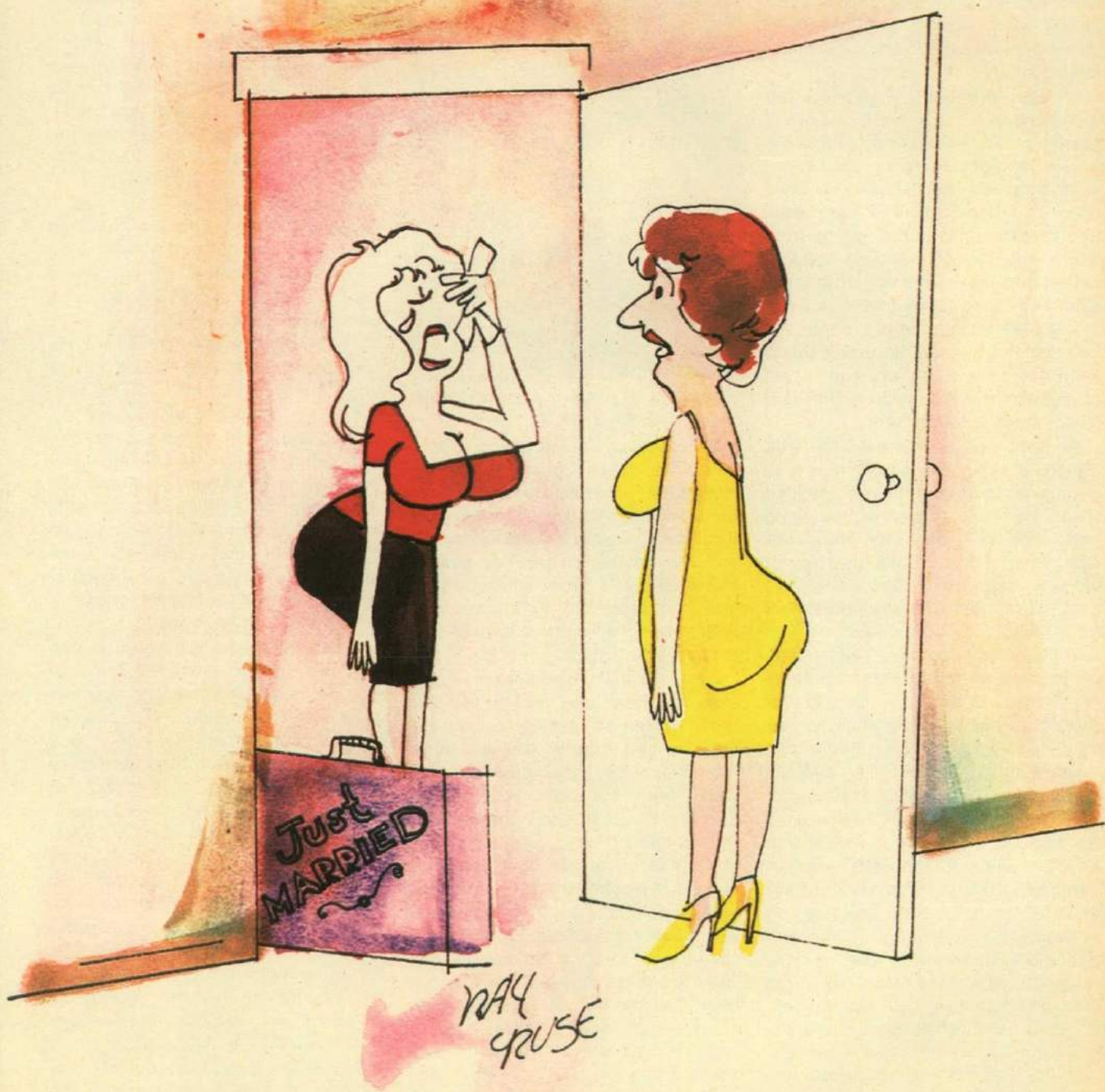
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".... and then he said it was even bigger than the one you have mom."

AFTERNOON ON SKIDROW: She wasn't wearing anything under the skirt and you could see everything.

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that gone out and got drunk again. But the booze wasn't making me see fiery-eyed demons and double-headed rattlesnakes. My nerves were good and I had a strong constitution. And I hadn't even taken a drink of water in the past two months, always drinking beer.

Barbara, dressed in high heels and a cheap brown suit, the gift of a drunk master of ceremonies from one of the exclusive night clubs on the Northwest side, who had wandered down onto Skid Row one night last week and shacked-up with her, got up from where she had been sitting huddled behind the stove and began to do a wild, hot dance. Someone in need of being cheered up plugged in the juke box, which was fixed so that it would automatically start playing when plugged in, and the music of *Do-Right Daddy* began blaring forth.

Barbara continued to do the wild dance, shaking her broad hips and pulling up her skirt to her freckled belly. She wasn't wearing anything under the skirt and you could see everything. ("But what's the use of wearing step-ins?" Barbara always said, when someone mentioned that she should act a little decent once in a while. "What's the use? Tell me that. All step-ins are made for is for some hot firecracker daddy to rip and tear them off. I just got tired of having my step-ins tore off; that's all. And I don't ever intend to wear step-ins again!")

But who cared to look at Barbara? Every man in the room who wanted her had spent at least one night with Barbara and left behind a passion-damp bed. Barbara, with hair the color of sunset bronze, was good-looking in a sexy way. She had wide hips and jutting breasts and a "hot-ass" twist to her walk that was the envy of the other girls on Skid Row. Just twenty now, she had been on Glimmer since she was seven. She was eleven when she lost her "cherry," lying naked and eager beneath a bearded wino on a spread newspaper in the cinder-strewn alley behind the Bucket of Blood. But at eleven she looked fifteen. She loved the kisses and caresses of men and they liked her responsive attitude and for several



years Barbara was the most popular "piece" on Glimmer.

Barbara was always telling anyone who would listen about her problems. Her mother, who had lived on Glimmer for years and who was known as "Old Iron Jaws," was in an insane asylum, and her father, a narcotics pusher, was stabbed to death when Barbara was four years old, in a back alley after leaving a tavern where he had made a good sale.

Old Iron Jaws, well known for her excellent blow jobs, had helped two other women of Glimmer cut out the testicles of a steel worker in a hotel room one night. They intended to give him a party but the man turned up drunk and broke, and the women, furious and outraged, used his pocket knife on him. They placed the testicles in a jar of alcohol and for a long time kept it behind the bar in the Bucket of Blood until some crazed drunk tried to steal the jar to drink the alcohol. Iron Jaws finally went crazy thinking about them. The man had not received medical attention and infection had set in and he had died. Old Iron Jaws claimed that she didn't get an hour's rest either day or night, for all she could see and think about was the steel mill man with no testicles. "What could be a worse sight than a man with no balls?" she had lamented. She finally cracked-up and had to be carted off to the place for crack-ups.

Barbara had an aunt living in Hammond, a respectable church-going woman, but she would not socialize with Barbara as long as she continued to hang out on Glimmer. Barbara said she didn't give a "good god-damn" and went right ahead shacking with anyone who had the price for a room; or if the man didn't have the necessary cash and Barbara liked him he could take her in the back room of the Bucket of Blood where she kept her suitcase and coat hanging from a nail and "lay" her on the rough floor. Barbara had what is known as a "snapping pussy" and she could go through the act like a wizard while cleaning her fingernails or smoking a cigarette, while the guy pumped away, burning up his energy.

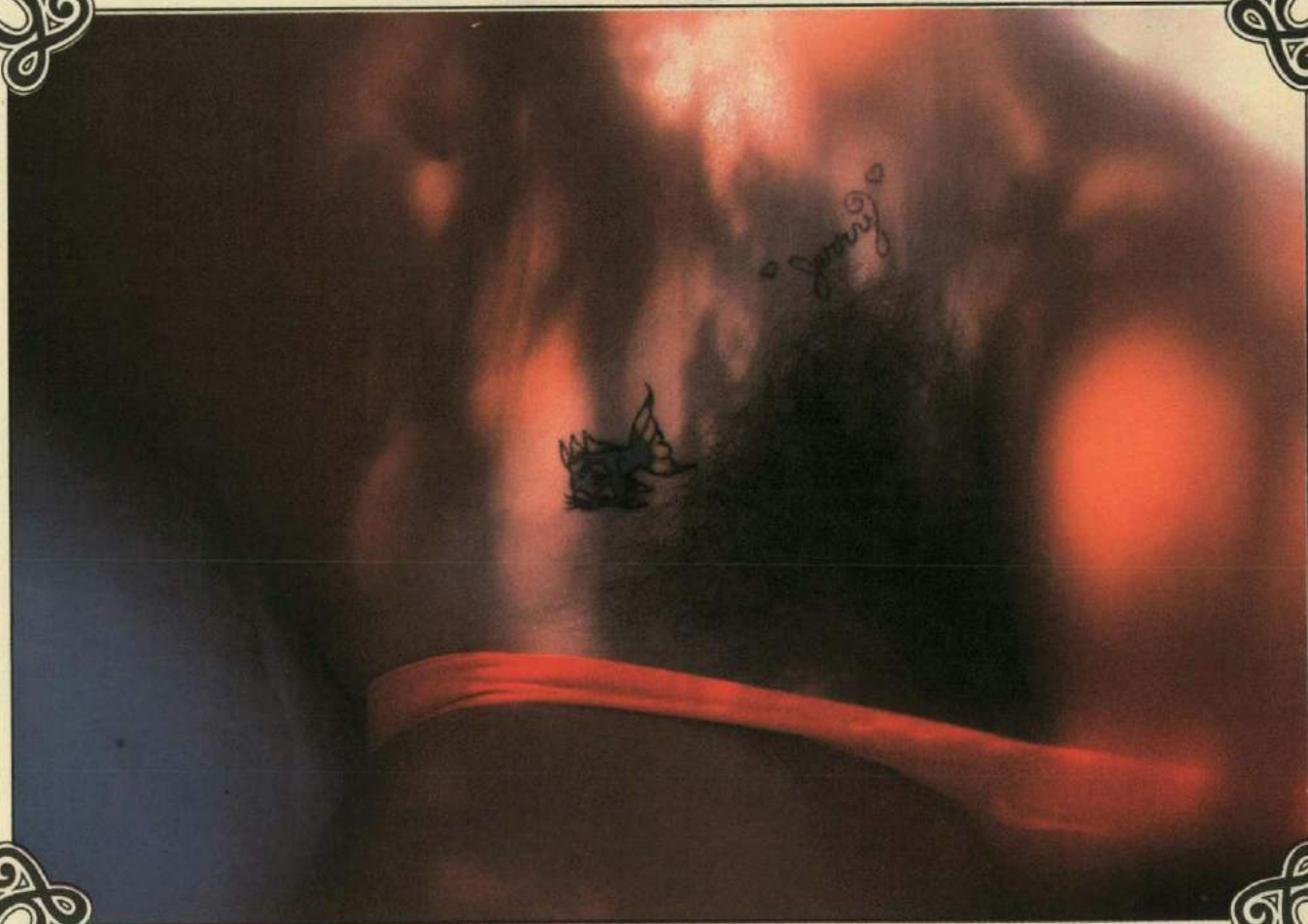
The Hermit got up from the floor, his long beard white and curling on the ends, and went out the door. The Hermit was a peculiar guy. He just sat around and drank, day in and day out, never shaving, his beard always white on the ends. Once each year he would disappear from Skid Row for a month, and when he came back he would be clean-shaven and wearing a tailored suit. But soon he would grow another beard and pawn his clothes for money with which to buy booze.

I had known the Hermit for a long time, but he had never spoken over two dozen words to me and that was to ask me if I had a drink. That was all he ever said to anyone and it was next-to-impossible to lead him into a conversation. I had heard it said that he had once been a famous surgeon and that his real name, if a person could ascertain it, was to be found in old medical journals. It was rumored on Glimmer that a woman was the cause of his downfall. That was probably right, I reasoned, because the Hermit never fraternized with the girls. He hung around Skid Row making his presence felt as little as possible, bumming and drinking.

The door opened, a gust of wind blowing in, and in came one of the largest men I'd ever seen. He was a stranger on Glimmer. He looked seven feet tall and as if he would weigh four hundred pounds. He was even taller than Frank, the Polish cop

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THE TATTOO ART



Tattooing is far from a new art form and even further as being solely identified to wandering sailors wanting to display where their travels had taken them or to remember the name of a sweetheart, mistress or wife in a far off port. In fact, there's evidence that both the Egyptians of 5000 years ago and prehistoric man were very active in epidermal decoration. Sailors, of course, have always been notorious for plying de-

signs of various shapes and sizes to their skin but they certainly don't monopolize the field. The working class and the jet-setters alike are all sporting this new status symbol.

Women too, have increased the ranks of enthusiasts by hundreds, being mainly interested in abstract hearts, bugs, exotic flowers, fishes and variations of exotic butterflies. (Steve McQueen's butterfly in *Papillon* stirred up a lot of potential cus-

tomers desiring that particular design.) Some old standards have been the hearts and scrolls with a true love's name inscribed inside, soaring eagles, vicious tigers and oriental dragons. The diversified zodiac signs are now definitely in vogue.

One of the main reasons for this sudden surge of popularity in the past six to eight years, can be contributed partially to the improved techniques of application and the sophisticated

TATTOO



apparatus in the form of more effective and less painful needles and longer lasting pigments. Tattoo artists have even become better educated and more reliable than the "tattooist" or "tattooer" of days gone by usually found in carnivals or brothels, where the clientele was supposedly more susceptible.

Tattoo parlors were often set up in the seamy side of town where "nice, respectable" people didn't frequent. This only added to the already present stigma associated with tattooing.



Almost the entire human anatomy takes to tattooing quite well with certain areas being a little more sensitive than others, like the inside of the lower lip which is a favorite spot. Generally the hips, ass, chest and abdomen are decorated, including in some cases, the vaginal lips and the shaft and head of the penis. Men quite frequently decorate their arms since this is the most obviously displayed area. The only parts that will not succumb to the penetrating needle are the teeth, nails and hair, obviously due to the material composition.

Some of the main concerns regarding the procedure is the pain involved, whether the design can ever be removed and whether it will ever fade away. The answer in all cases is positive, to a certain degree. There is a certain amount of pain or stinging during the application because of the vibrations (approximately 3,000 tiny



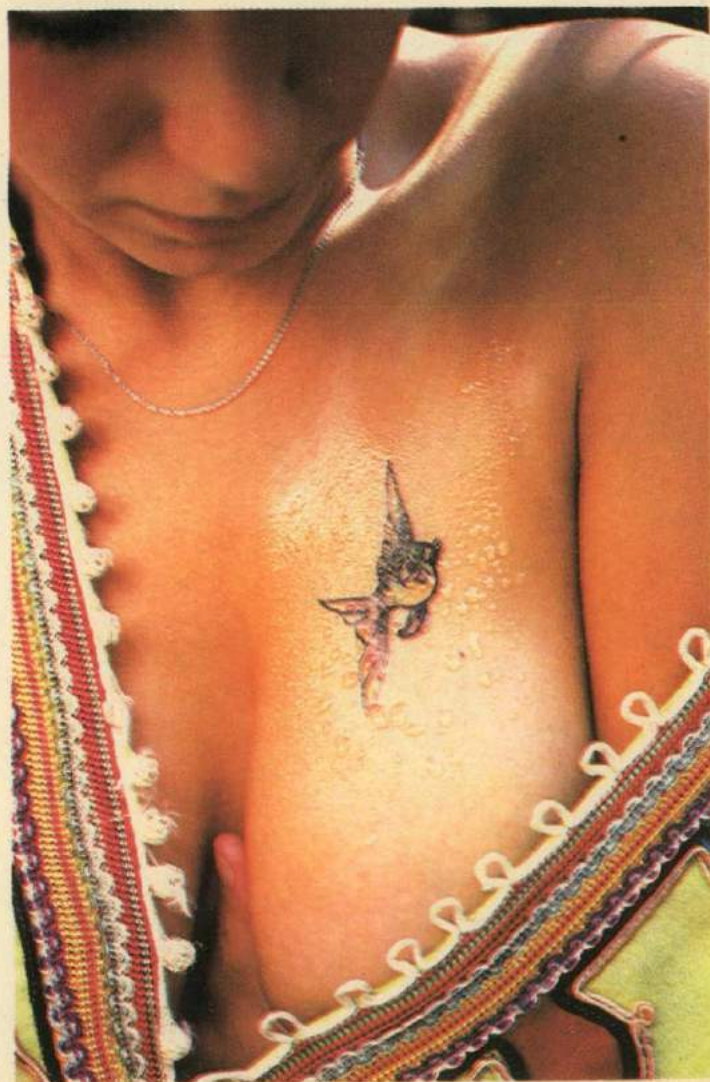
TATTOO

punctures per minute) of the instrument, however, pain is relative and each person's threshold varies. Removal is possible thru skin grafting but this replaces the unwanted decoration with an unsightly scar. So take your pick — which is worse? Designs do fade over a period of time, especially if greatly exposed to the sun, but recoloring or adding fresh color is possible and beautifully renews the original design.

Of course, the one thing to be expected, in this age of vast and varied publications, is a new 50 page quarterly magazine strictly devoted to the art of tattooing by the same name. It features pictures and letters of fellow readers, directories for parlors in various cities and articles on the subject.

It is also believed that one of the main reasons for the renewed interest is the opening up of communications with China and the awareness of oriental art. Many tattoo artists have taken the ancient oriental tattoo designs and modified and westernized them, which have become very popular.

Some of the designs are so decorative and unique, definitely an asset to any body. And after realizing the obvious advantages and uses of needles, in acupuncture for instance, the procedure is relatively simple and harmless.





HUSTLER'S HONEY for November is freckled and fair and hardly what you would expect to be a product of the Orient. Born of American military parents in Tokyo, she has lived most of her life in the Eastern Hemisphere. She has lived intimately, with the characteristic peace and patience of our Chinese and Japanese neighbors and has developed a deep respect and appreciation for nature and the opposing forces of yin and yang.

"The Orient has always been thought of as a mysterious place and it is, to a certain extent. The general pattern of thinking and reasoning is far different than that of the west. Life is basically more simplistic and uncomplicated which automatically gives a feeling of peace and assurance. They know what is happening and have a better control of their personal situations. Or, on the other hand, they can adapt quite well to situations that they can not influence. Life doesn't have to be so chaotic and confusing. People make it that way by their constant searching for something and the various activities they engage in, thinking they are the answer to their search. Compound this with the frustration felt at the realization of failure in the fulfillment of desires, and only tension and pressure results causing both mental unrest and physical exhaustion. All of which is unnecessary."



patti



"My family did much traveling while we lived there and I was able to get a firm grasp of life's basic necessities and desires as seen thru the eyes of experts, I think. I was always taught that sex, for instance, was a very natural act. There was nothing dirty or obscene about it and that it was a



form of showing love or affection for another person. The human body, whether one's own or someone else's, is something one should respect and cause no injury to. Clothing just serves the purpose of protection against the weather but a nude body is the most perfect design."



LER'S HONEY DECEMBER 1971

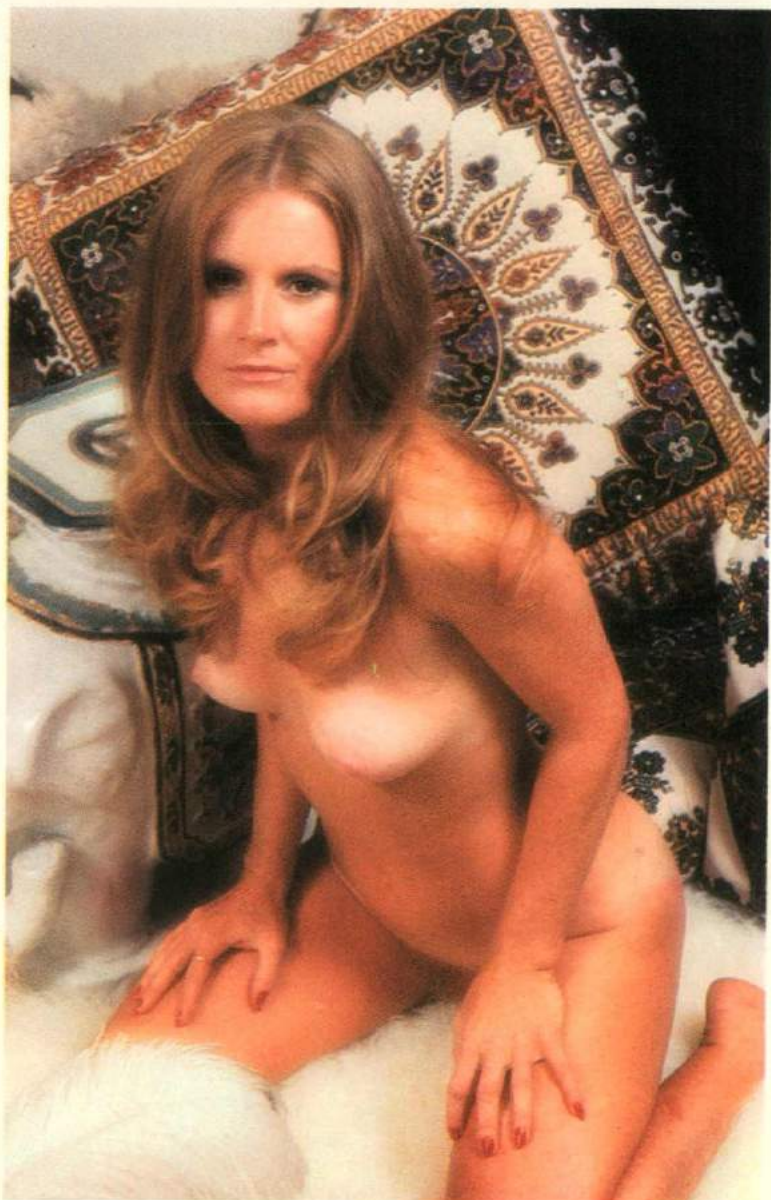




patti

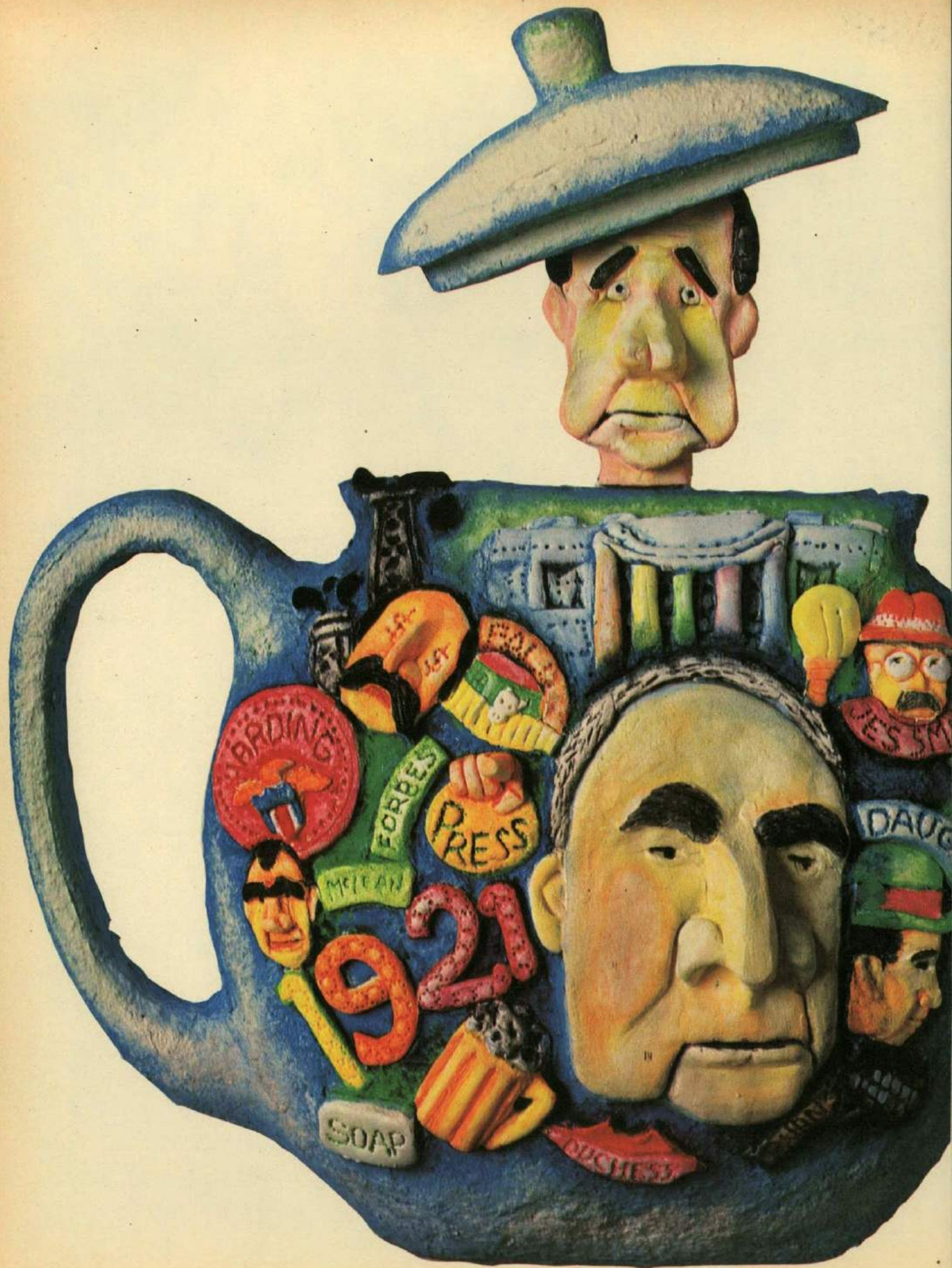
"The Chinese and Japanese both have a considerably long history of erotic art, illustrating various positions and sexual ideas. Much of it dates back many centuries. They seemed to know what was going on a long time ago. Even the Kama Sutra of India, which is ancient, serves as a basis for that society's sex education. A bride-to-be, for instance, has a very extensive preparatory period before her wedding where the age old customs are applied to her so that she may be a pleasing, satisfying and loving wife."

"The inbred patience and the slower pace of life of these people directly reflects on their attitude toward sex. There's time to appreciate each and every aspect of love-making instead of hurrying and fumbling along. Beginning with foreplay, the complete exploration of each other's bodies and the building of passion, to the actual joining of the bodies in sexual climax, and ending with the natural ebb of emotion in the calm of afterplay. I truly feel that casualness and easiness in making love intensifies the pleasure of it."









teapot dome scandal relived

scandal in washington

by
Len Lawson

A few said it was an evil omen. For three weeks in the early summer of 1972 a huge vulture could be seen in Washington circling first over the Capitol, then over the White House.

Then came Watergate on June 17. And suddenly five men who had broken into the Democratic National Headquarters plunged the government and the nation into crisis. Richard Nixon's time of troubles had begun. Scandal was in the air. And tongues wagged of the corruption in government. But memories returned. Of another time. Another President. Another scandal. And the similarities crowded in upon us as if to say, "We've been here before." Was history actually repeating itself?

It was the same Senate Caucus Room. The long committee table was covered with the same green baize as today. But suddenly it was 1923. Fifty years ago. It was Tuesday morning, October 23. And former Secretary of the Interior Albert Bacon Fall was the Committee's first witness. President Harding had been dead almost three months. Even before, though, traces

of the thick slime of the most corrupt administration since Grant's had already begun to seep out, greased by the oil of Teapot Dome.

It began on a bright March 4, 1921 when a tall, handsome man confidently took the oath of office and promised a cheering throng that he would lead America back into the happy, good times of "normalcy" after Wilson's dreary wartime austerity, even as fifty years later another President in another time would promise to "Bring us together!" It ended two years later with the sharp crack of a pistol shattering the sobriety of the Wardman Park Hotel. And Jess Smith's crumpled body was on the floor, his shattered head wedged comically inside a wastebasket flowing with blood and brains. The joy ride was over.

They were strange times, those years right after the Great War. The terrible slaughter was over. Now it was time for fun. Prohibition? It was a laugh. You could always drop in at your local speak. And no one questioned what his host's bootlegger sold him. They were wild times. Flappers. Bathtub gin. Corruption and Crime.

SCANDAL IN WASHINGTON: Harding had promised a cabinet of the "best minds."

They called it the Roaring Twenties. And they found just the right President for them—one who would sit quietly in the White House and let the whole country enjoy its binge.

"I don't seem to grasp that I am President," was the way the new President summed up his own ineptness in 1920. "I am a man of limited talents from a small town."

Fifty years later it would be a different story. If ever a man seemed more sure of himself, more steeped and knowledgeable in affairs of state, more politically astute, that man was Richard M. Nixon. Only during the last months of his administration did Nixon occasionally falter before press conferences, and even then he recovered his aplomb almost immediately. Not so with poor Harding.

Yet Warren Gamaliel Harding probably looked more like a President than anyone since Washington. He was a big man—over six feet of dignity with rugged, bronzed features, set off by heavy black brows against his steel grey hair.

In fact, that's how they say he became President.

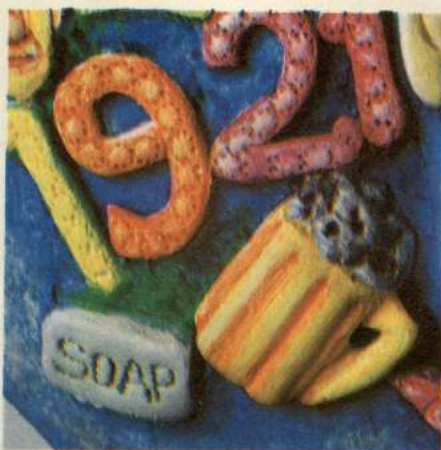
The story goes that this small town editor of the Marion, Ohio *Star* met his political future as early as 1900 when Harry H. Daugherty, a small deal in Ohio politics, passed him on the way to the outhouse behind a Marion hotel; one going, the other coming. As they passed, Daugherty, struck by the handsome editor's features, remarked "By God, what a great looking President he'd make!"

More to the point was the exclamation by one of his supporters as he ran for the Senate: "Why, the son-of-a-bitch even *looks* like a Senator."

All of which proves the old maxim: "Don't judge a book by its cover." For Warren G. Harding was probably the most politically naive, gullible, bumbler ever to hold the Presidency. A mere footnote to history, his sole contribution was to make his name synonymous with government graft and corruption.

His own father had him pegged years before.

"Warren, it's a good thing you wasn't born a gal," the old man said, "cause you'd be in the family way all



the time. You just can't say 'No'."

Could Richard Nixon say "No" to his friends? One doubts that he seldom said "Yes," except when politically expedient. Only Bebe Rebozo knows. And he certainly is not talking. Is Nixon a Harding with a backbone? Certainly Nixon's hard-line on the tapes would have been out of character for Harding.

Then there was the political ambition of both men. Unlike our President, whose dynamic drive seems boundless, Harding would have been content to be just one of the boys in the Club—the Senate—buffered by his weekly poker games. He was certainly happier there than in the White House. But there was his wife—the Duchess, he called her—with which to contend.

And when it was all over, she demanded, "Well, Warren Harding. I have got you the Presidency; now what are you going to do with it?"

Apparently not much. For March 4, 1921 suddenly found the Little Man in the Big Job. Within a month his political illiteracy could be seen.

"I can't make a damn thing out of this tax problem," he wailed to his secretary. "I listen to one side and they seem right, and then—God!—I talk to the other side and they seem just as right, and here I am where I started. I know somewhere there is a book that will give me the truth, but hell! I couldn't read the book!"

He told a reporter who had come to interview him, "I don't know anything about this European stuff. You and Jud' (his secretary) get together and he can tell me later; he handles these matters for me."

"... he handles these matters for

me," would soon be Harding's theme. And the man who couldn't say 'No' would soon fall prey to the Ohio Gang. They'd "handle those matters" for him. Gladly.

But then he had no Henry Kissinger to pull miracles out of a hat. Unless the future may prove that Henry's hat was just an illusion too. And the miracles just weren't. Only time will tell.

But, more on this Ohio Gang of Harding's. They descended on Washington like locusts. And the sleepy little crossroads of the Washington Court House, Ohio was their breeding ground. Buckeye hayseeds came to teach the big city slickers a thing or two. No svelte, Madison Avenue offspring were these, like those around Nixon.

Instead they were political hacks like Harry Micajah Daugherty, leader of the pack. A tall, broad man with bald pate and the ever-present derby of the politician incarnate, Daugherty would first become his campaign manager, then Attorney-General. The same route would be followed some fifty years later by John Mitchell.

Daugherty would see to it that his lifelong friend, lackey, and doormat, Jess Smith would ride the gravy train too. No errand was too small for this Washington Court House sporty and snappy dresser. His qualifications? He'd operated his father's department store back home. Here in Washington he would specialize in the sale of other things. The two became bosom buddies, inseparable, even sharing the same hotel suite in the Wardman Park.

Harding was just about as successful in his choice of aides as the 38th President, Kissinger aside. But whereas Nixon's entourage was probably better qualified educationally and certainly more sophisticated and slicker, when it came to ethics and morals perhaps they were all birds of a feather.

Harding had promised a cabinet of the "best minds." So here was the unemployed Rev. Hebert H. Votaw, whose major qualifications for his appointment as Superintendent of Federal Prisons lay in his ten years missionary work in Burma. Of course, the fact that he had married Harding's sister didn't hurt either!

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diana



diana

Her name is Diana but it makes no difference because "it's just an innocuous symbol, only important for records and mail delivery. Where I was raised there were so few people and you knew them so well, that names really were a waste of memory space. You really got into them as persons. We never got hung-up in technicalities like names."

Set deep in the hills of Kentucky among the tall pines and thick maples lies a very modest horse farm where this lovely lady spent most of her life except for the past few years. After





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diana

graduating from high school she came to the big city — Baltimore, Maryland — to get to know how the other side of the world lives.

"I only came to the city to get a taste of the different life-styles people are into and to meet different types of people. I'd also like to make a little bit of money to buy a horse I've wanted for a long time and then return to the splendor of those beautiful hills. Their peace and quietude is too overwhelming to leave them forever. I really appreciate them now that I've been away for a while."



diana



"People are similar in more ways than I think we'd like to recognize but I find the differences are much more interesting. One similarity is the fact that everyone is playing games or roles, which ever word you like, but the main difference lies in the type of role you're playing, like in sex. There are so many games and so much deceptiveness that it downgrades the naturalness of the act. Personally, I feel that sex and love are two different things. Sex is a physical need; love is an emotional need. Sometimes they can be incorporated together but it isn't always necessary."

"I love sex and can really get into it providing the guy is being gentle and patient, sometimes I have a hard time getting off. If he truly likes carressing my body and stimulating me with his hands, mouth or whatever, I respond naturally, and well I might add. But if he's in a hurry and doesn't want to waste time on preliminaries, then I can't really get into it. You might as well hang it up. Nevertheless, I don't like to fool around with games—I really don't buy that nonsense."

SCANDAL IN WASHINGTON: "Well, I guess there will be hell to pay," the naive Harding confided to Charlie Forbes.

continued from page 68

And over here was William J. Burns, owner and operator of Burns' International Detective Agency. What better experience for the future Director of the F.B.I. And Burns, of course, dragged a happy grafter along with him — one Gaston B. Means, two hundred pounds of con-man whose inside info netted him a tidy profit, and whose smooth talking at the time of the President's death had millions of the gullible people believing Harding had been murdered in cold blood!

The Duchess had a kidney ailment. And back in Marion a homeopathic doctor, Charles E. Sawyer, had treated her, convincing her that he had saved her life. Now she insisted that he became not only the President's personal physician, but a brigadier-general and chairman of the Federal Hospitalization Board as well.

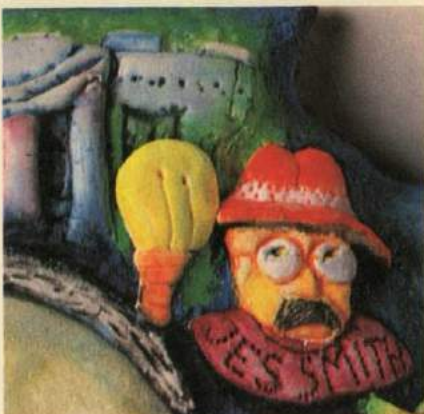
Did Harding need a Director of the Mint? Who better than his boyhood chum, Edward F. Scooby. Qualifications? Sheriff of Pickaway County, Ohio.

Did he need a Director of the Veterans' Bureau? Why not good-time Charlie Forbes, living proof of Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt* of Main Street, U.S.A., and back-slapping Rotarian booster incarnate of the Twenties.

But the biggie was, of course, a big, bluff, blowhard from out West, complete with broad-brimmed hat, flowing tie and New Mexican drawl. The name of this comic two-gun sheriff from a cheap Hollywood western was Albert Bacon Fall, Senator turned Secretary of the Interior turned grafter.

Let's zero in on this one for starters. Especially since it involves oil, a subject we're all pretty familiar with today with the energy shortage and all. Energy "crisis" or no, there may be a few familiar scenes in the following scenario from the Twenties, especially when Big Business and Big Government cozy up to one another. Perhaps we've been doing a replay today without our even knowing it!

Teapot Dome was an eroded sandstone hill out in Wyoming, looking much like any other hunk of rock, except that there were rich oil reserves buried there. The Navy Department owned these along with those at Elk



Hill, California. Only one problem; while the Navy owned the hills, private oil corporations owned the surrounding land at the base, and the Navy feared the loss of their oil through drainage down into those low-lying private fields. Arrangements were made, therefore, to lease the government reserves in open bidding and allow the oil corporations to work them. The Navy was then to receive its share of oil from the corporations.

Unfortunately, since the Navy had no place to store their oil, they were forced to sell the oil back to the companies for cash royalties. But the Navy Department was not permitted to keep its own profits and had to turn them over to the Treasury where they would go into the general fund, from which the Navy in turn received a miniscule amount. The whole arrangement was grossly unfair in the Navy eyes.

Then along came Fall. Harding had no sooner made Fall's appointment as Secretary of the Interior official than strange things began happening around the Senator's rundown, poverty-stricken ranch, Three Rivers. Suddenly the neighbors noticed the house was being renovated and re-decorated. Gutters and fencing were installed. Livestock added. Taxes paid. Even new property was added. It was a puzzle.

Actually, the Fall get-rich-quick plan was really quite simple. First, he would have to get the oil reserves transferred from the Navy to his Department. This would give him a free hand in selecting the leases. Then, he would devise a plan whereby the Navy would receive royalty certificates which they would keep, rather

than cash which had to go into the Treasury. Finally, the Navy would then be permitted to redeem these certificates directly with the companies, who, in turn, would then construct oil storage tanks for the Navy, tanks which the Navy would be able to use at a later date for storage of their own oil.

Nothing crooked so far. But when it came to Fall's leasing — that would be another matter entirely. For Fall, in the meantime, would be perfectly free to lease the lands to favored oil corporations, without the "inconvenience" of open bidding — in return for certain gratuities, naturally. The way Fall saw it, everyone would be happy. The Navy. The oil corporations. And, most of all, Fall.

But first, he'd have to get the reserves away from the Navy. It wasn't hard. The bungling, inept Edwin N. Denby, Secretary of the Navy, was easily persuaded by the fast-talking Senator that it would be more "efficient" if the Navy transferred the oil reserves to the Interior. Then, after doctoring up Denby's original transfer papers, the document finally reached Harding's desk without either date or Denby's signature.

"Well, I guess there will be hell to pay," the naive Harding confided to Charlie Forbes, "but those fellows seem to know what they're doing." One of them did, anyway!

Enter Villain #1: Edward L. Doheny, a little man with a droopy white mustache, President of the Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company.

"I'm just an ordinary, old-time, impulsive, irresponsible, improvident sort of prospector," this one-time book agent, fruit packer, mule driver, and waiter later told the Senate Investigating Committee. A failure at 35, he went looking for oil, and twelve years later was reputed to be worth over a hundred million dollars.

Now the Fall plan went into effect. On November 28, 1921, Doheny agreed to construct storage tanks at Pearl Harbor for the Navy, in return for the lease of Naval properties at Elk Hills.

On November 29, Fall telephoned Doheny to say that he was "prepared now to receive that loan."

On November 30, Doheny's son

SCANDAL IN WASHINGTON: On April 7, 1922, Fall leased out Teapot Dome to Sinclair's front corporation, Mammoth Oil.

knocked on Fall's door at the Wardman Park carrying a small black satchel. It contained \$100,000 in cash.

A loan, that was all, the old man later told the Committee. But, the amount? "A mere bagatelle to me . . . no more than \$25 or perhaps \$50 to an ordinary individual." And in cash? Not at all unusual. Many of his transactions were conducted that way, he calmly said.

Yes, a note had been given by Mr. Fall. But the signature had been torn off. Doheny tore it off himself, he said. Wouldn't want an old friend persecuted by his executors in case of his death. Seems that he gave Mrs. Doheny the missing signature. But she misplaced it. How unfortunate!

Enter Villain #2: Harry F. Sinclair, one-time pharmacist who clerked in his father's store, took his small inheritance and bought his first oil well in Kansas. Twenty years later, he was one of the largest producers in Kansas, owned a racing stable, and had a piece of the St. Louis Browns.

Late in 1921, Sinclair's private railway car, the *Sinco*, put into the siding at Three Rivers Ranch. The Oilman and Secretary talked of oil, politics, Teapot Dome and cattle for Fall's rejuvenated ranch. Later Fall would be "surprised" to receive a gift of six heifers, a yearling bull, two six-month-old boars and four sows from Sinclair's stables.

One roadblock stood in Sinclair's way, however, he would have to buy up all the questionable claims of others to Teapot Dome. Most important of these outside claims were those of Pioneer Oil and Refining Company and the *Societe Belgo-Americaine des Petroles du Wyoming*. Gladly Sinclair paid them both off — \$200,000 cash and \$800,000 in oil royalties. Then there was John G. Shaffer, newspaper owner and oil operator, who contested the Sinclair lease. He was bought off with 420 acres of prime Teapot land. By this time, the word had leaked out that the government and Sinclair were about to close a deal, and other oilmen flocked to Washington to be in on the bidding. But just in time to discover they were too late. The "bidding" had closed. How unfortunate!



On April 7, 1922, Fall leased out Teapot Dome to Sinclair's front corporation, Mammoth Oil. Just a month later, Fall sent his son-in-law to Sinclair to pick up \$198,000 in 3½% Liberty Bonds. Later Sinclair gave him another \$35,000 in Bonds, and \$36,000 "loan" in cash. But Fall, concerned about that gift of livestock since he'd heard that some of his Senator friends were beginning to snoop around, returned \$1,000 to Sinclair for the gift. Teapot Dome was signed, sealed, but still not delivered.

For now the fun began. One Leo Stack had been the original agent handling the negotiations for Pioneer and *Societe Belgo-Americaine*. When he discovered they had sold their interests to Sinclair behind his back, selling his as well, he threatened to tell all.

They offered him \$50,000. "Do you have any more funny stories to tell?" he screamed. Later he said, "I had \$187 to my name, but I refused their \$50,000 feeling that I had been gyped."

Stack then paid an interesting visit to two colorful newspapermen turned blackmailers: Frederick G. Bonfills and H. H. Tammen of the *Denver Post*. Then, as now, the power of the media was a recognized force. The problem, of course, is its use as a tool by unscrupulous people who use it for their own opportunistic ends.

Smelling big money, the "Post" then began an unceasing series of attacks upon Teapot Dome rumors. "So the people may know," it proclaimed in pious tones, and waited for a substantial offer to cease and desist.

And, sure enough, not long after Sinclair had shouted, "Stack will not get another dollar," he gave Stack \$250,000 in cash and one-half the profits of 320 acres of Teapot Dome, which was estimated to come to close to a million. Bonfills and Tammen siphoned off an unspecified amount of this, after which the "Post" carried a laudatory article on that "noble" oilman, Harry Sinclair, truly "one of the most spectacular of men."

So, before he'd even sunk a single shaft, Sinclair had been laundered for over two and a half million. But it was all peanuts to what Sinclair hoped to get out of Teapot Dome — an easy \$100 million!

And he'd already made a quickie profit. He traded some Mammoth stock to Sinclair Oil, milking his own parent organization for 250,000 shares. That figured out at \$17 per share, although it was selling at \$50 to the public at that time — a tidy profit of over \$17 million!

Not to mention the way Sinclair stock had shot up from a low of 18¾ to 38¾ in just six months. Even Jess Smith complained to his former wife, Roxy Stinson: "Some fellows — five fellows — made \$33 million the other day in two or three days."

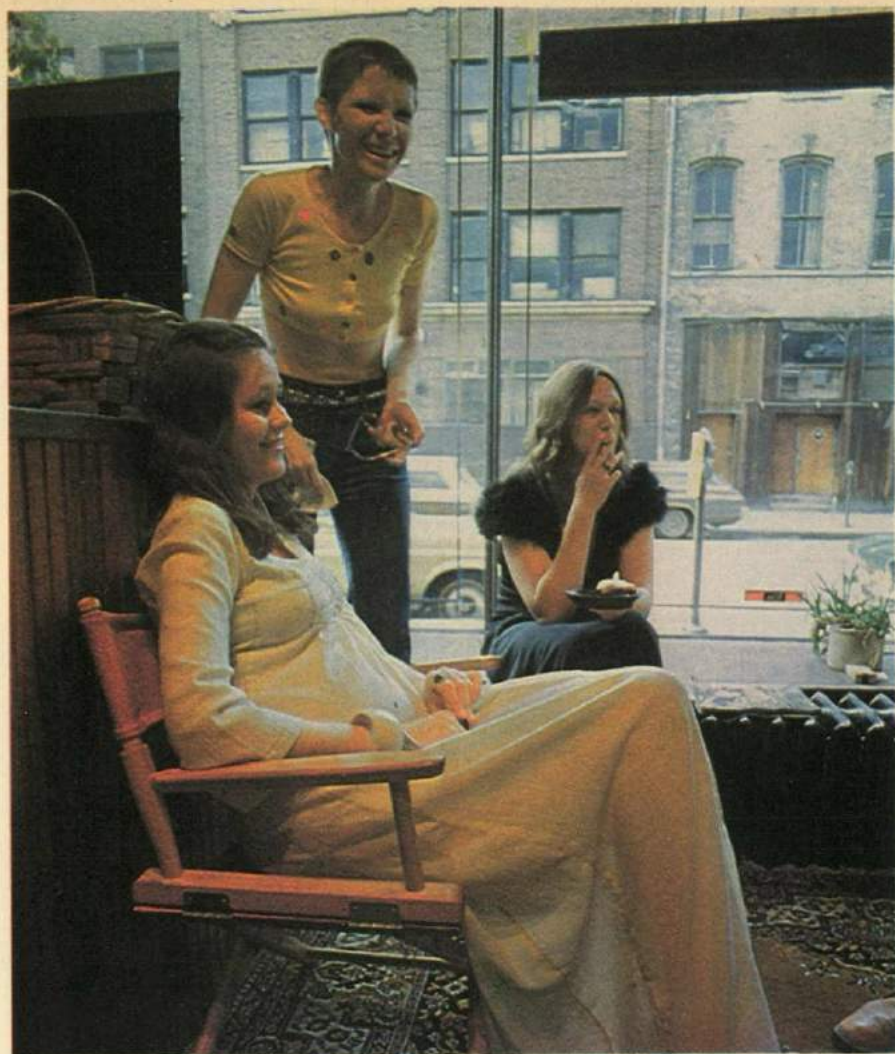
"Were you and Harry (Daugherty) in on it?" she inquired.

"No," replied Jess, "that's what we're sore about. They were our friends, too."

Even the U.S. Marines got into the act. One Colonel James G. Darden, being a lifelong friend of Daugherty's and owning oil properties within Teapot Dome, complained to the Attorney General, "It is a shame that Fall is going to drive us into a lawsuit on this land." But Fall beat him to the punch. Pressuring his friend, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, young Theodore Roosevelt, son of the former President, he had Captain George K. Shuler sent with four Marines to evict Darden's drillers.

At first Darden's men took little heed of Shuler and his Marines. But then, as Schuler reported it, "I said, 'Do you realize that I am absolutely serious about this thing and I am going to back up what I say?' He looked

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HUSTLER INTERVIEW

DIRTY TALKIN' GALS OF CHITOWN

by Ron Offen

Just over the polluted Chicago River and south of Chicago's downtown loop you'll find a small storefront operation that proves that sex for money is still legal in the toddlin' town, despite the fact that prostitution and more recently "massage parlors" are emphatic no-no's as far as the police are concerned.

The place is called "Just Filmz," and you can find it by walking a few blocks past a square-block building housing the Traffic Division of Chicago's "finest," avoiding derelicts that line the front of the hotels and porno bookshops on Clark Street, and turning west onto Hubbard.

Looking in the window of "Just Filmz" almost anytime of the day or night, you'll see a sign announcing that "Dirty Talk" sessions are available from a select group of young

attractive girls. Then, looking beyond into the interior, you'll see those girls lounging around on chairs and sofas, drinking coffee, rapping, laughing. It's a homey-homey scene—as in Polly Adler type homey-homey.

What we have here is Chicago's—maybe the world's—first Dirty Talk Parlor. A place where you can forget your cares and vicariously indulge your sexual fantasies by having one of the friendly young girls talk dirty to you. But as we discovered on interviewing the fair, feminine foul-mouthed participants, they offer a bit more than just an imaginative flow of verbal sexual stimulation to make every customer a satisfied one. And we're not talking about the showcases of over 500 8 mm porno movies or the sado-masochist paraphernalia the store offers for sale.

To find out what the Dirty Talkin' Gals of Chi-Town were all about and learn the secret of their phenomenal success, Hustler dropped in to see them recently. On hand were managers Veronica and Cinder and five of their girls.

Veronica is a business-like blond that looks and talks like she's pretty damn efficient. Cinder is on the dark side, with a nice pair of black-stockinged legs showing through a high-slitted skirt: her breasts are small but the nipples strain perkily through a jersey top.

We were introduced to Sue, a small blond that looks a bit like Mia Farrow; Toni, a playful looking black girl with a nice chest swinging freely underneath her long gown; Suzi, a dark-haired, sweet-faced tall and bra-less smirker; Josi, big and bigger-



HUSTLER INTERVIEW

breasted; and Sandi, another black cutie all done up in scarves with nipples the size of half-dollars showing through the flimsy silk.

We stopped to admire the paintings of one Joseph Blahut, all monstrous cocks, cunts and boobs that line one wall for what is Chicago's first erotic art show. Then we began. . .

HUSTLER: Where did you get the idea for the Dirty Talk parlor?

VERONICA: Well, we saw a film called *Week End*—a Goddard film, I think—and that's where the brainstorm came from. It starts with a woman speaking nothing but obscenities.

HUSTLER: How did you get started?

VERONICA: Essentially as just Dirty Talkers, with the girls talking dirty while the customers watched movies in a small booth. See, the girls talk through a small peep-hole from the outside of the booth while the customer watched the film, trying to turn him on by verbalizing about his particular sexual fantasies. We did just that for about two or three months. Then we developed the Hot Nasties sessions. In these, the girl is right in

the same room with the customer, talking dirty to him—either fully clothed, topless, or totally nude, depending on what price-range session he wants.

HUSTLER: What kind of movies are shown during the Dirty Talk sessions?

VERONICA: Strictly hard-core porn. They get 2½ minutes for a quarter. In other words they can see a full ten-minute film for a buck, which is how long a session lasts.

HUSTLER: But the girls aren't in the same room with them?

CINDER: Right. It's strictly a fantasy trip for them, cause the girl is outside, talking through the peep-hole. So most of the guys that take the Dirty Talk sessions just like to jack themselves off.

HUSTLER: Would you say then that the guys who take these sessions are jag-offs?

CINDER: (laughs) I guess you could put it that way. But I've run into some nice ones, like a young guy who was so modest he just didn't want to go at it while I was watching him. On the other hand, a lot of them know that when the light from the movie projector goes on you can see them and really dig it. So maybe a lot of them are turned-on by having a woman watch them jack-off.

HUSTLER: How many customers does the average Dirty Talker have each day?

VERONICA: It varies. Usually, eight to ten per shift. See we work in shifts from ten to five and five to midnight.

HUSTLER: What's the busy time of day?

CINDER: Depends on the day. Sometimes we get a lot of action around coffee-break time or the lunch-hour. Other times it gets heavy later at night.

HUSTLER: Do the girls get repeat business?

CINDER: Oh sure. They have their regulars. Some of them bring in candy, flowers, little gifts even when they don't come in for a session.

HUSTLER: The Dirty Talk sessions last ten minutes. How about the Hot Nasties?

VERONICA: Fifteen to twenty minutes, depending. . .

HUSTLER: On what?

SUE: On whether he gets his rocks off in that time.

HUSTLER: You mean the guys come while you're talking to them?

SUE: You better believe it.

HUSTLER: But suppose they don't in the allotted time?

CINDER: Look we don't sit there with a stop watch. If a guy's having trouble with his dinger we don't bounce him out. I mean, our job is to turn him on so he'll come.

HUSTLER: What's the usual length of time the girls are hired for?

CINDER: Usually just the time for one session. We're pretty damn good. But sometimes a guy will want two girls at once—'doubling-up,' we call it.

HUSTLER: What is the average age of your customers?

VERONICA: They start in their early twenties and go into their late seventies. But I'd say the average is about 35. For the most part, the younger men that come in are just curious, because they can generally find their sexual outlets elsewhere.

HUSTLER: How young can they be and still get in?

TONI: (moving into the discussion and grinning) Oh, six, seven, eight. . .

VERONICA: Come on Toni! They have to be 18 to legally enter.

HUSTLER: Is that why you check ID's at the door?

VERONICA: That's right.

HUSTLER: But I noticed that you also ask for some proof of occupation. Why is that?

CINDER: To prevent a set-up for a. . . well. . .

HUSTLER: A bust? Pardon the expression.

VERONICA: Jesus, don't use that!

HUSTLER: What is the reason then?

CINDER: Just say it's part of the procedure. We want to know who we're dealing with.

HUSTLER: Do the girls wear anything special when giving the Dirty Talk sessions or the fully-clothed Hot Nasties?

VERONICA: Just what you see them wearing here. Long dresses or something sexy, provocative to get the customer in the mood.

HUSTLER: How does a typical Dirty Talk or Hot Nasties session begin, girls?

SUE: I usually ask the guy if he likes oral sex to start out with. . . it seems like most guys do. And a lot of men fantasize on that alone. Maybe it's because they don't get it at home. So if they say they dig it, I say, 'Now let's pretend that my lips are around your cock.' And usually, they'll say something like, 'Hey! that's a groovy ideal!' That gets them into it, and they start

to loosen up and start talking about other things they'd like to do. Start the 'let's pretend' bit. But you have to start them off, make them feel comfortable.

HUSTLER: Do you have any prepared spiel?

SUE: Oh no! We just use our imagination and let loose.

HUSTLER: Do they ever get personal? Ask you to talk about your tits or cunt or whatever?

SUE: Oh sure. And lots of times they want you to talk about your personal experiences. I do that sometimes when they ask, because it's a lot easier talking about something that really happened to you than making stuff up. If you have an interesting sex life, it works out real well, as far as turning them on is concerned.

HUSTLER: Do you ever get turned-on yourself sexually when talking?

TONI: Not really, I don't think any of us do.

JOSI: I used to, but not any more.

HUSTLER: Why is that?

VERONICA: Let's face it, after you've been in this business a while, you get pretty jaded. Not that it affects your outside sex life. But while you're here, well, it's just a job.

TONI: Still, I'm damn good at faking it!

CINDER: (Confidentially, in a whisper) Don't let them shit you. They just won't admit it. But I know for a fact that they do get turned-on every so often.

HUSTLER: Do the customers ever try to manhandle you, touch you in any way? Or is touching against the law?

JOSI: No, it's not illegal. But I don't let them do it.

SANDI: I might let certain ones touch my breasts. But that's as far as it goes. You go any further and it's too easy to get down to the nitty-gritty!

TONI: I don't take any chances. Every day I stuff myself with three Tampaxes. That way, ain't no way they're gonna get up there.

HUSTLER: Do guys have any particular favorite word they like you to use?

SUZI: A lot of them really get off on being called cock-sucker. Then other guys want you to tell them what a big cock they have, how they're ripping you apart inside because they're so huge and dynamic.

HUSTLER: What about the racial mix of the customers?

VERONICA: Black is about 30 percent, white about 60 percent, the rest

oriental.

HUSTLER: Do black guys usually ask for black or white girls?

CINDER: Both. It doesn't seem they have any preference one way or the other. Same with white guys and orientals.

HUSTLER: Is there any difference in what various racial types get turned on by or fantasize about?

JOSI: No, they're all about the same. We sometimes compare notes among ourselves, and you can't tell a man's race by his sexual fantasies.

HUSTLER: Do women come in here for sessions?

VERONICA: Not really for individual sessions. We have two that come in. Some call in, just to talk on the phone.

HUSTLER: What about the ones that come in?

VERONICA: One comes in and just sits around talking to us. Just to be friendly, I guess. We don't charge her anything. The other one comes in with her husband — I don't think she's a lesbian. And actually, we get quite a few couples coming in.

HUSTLER: What do the couples do?

CINDER: The one I know about just goes back and watches the films. It looks like they have a real good time back there judging from the way they look when they come out. But we don't talk to them, so don't ask me what they do.

HUSTLER: How about other couples?

SUZI: I've given a session to a couple . . . covered all the bases with them. Started off with a little ear nibbling, then tied them up, also did a little whipping with chains. Boy, when they came out they didn't know what had hit them.

HUSTLER: How old were they?

SUZI: He was about 44, she was about . . .

HUSTLER: Twelve?

SUZI: (laughs) Yeah! No, actually, I'd say about 27.

HUSTLER: What is the basis on which a Dirty Talking girl is hired?

VERONICA: Oh, we look at what finishing school she graduated from . . . no seriously, all of us here have worked together for about a year. Started out in a massage parlor. Then, when that became illegal, we came in here.

HUSTLER: Haven't you hired any new girls?

CINDER: Just one, but she didn't work out. She didn't fit in with the rest of us.



HUSTLER INTERVIEW

HUSTLER: Why was that?

CINDER: Well, to tell the truth, she was sucking guys off during her sessions. I mean, suddenly she was getting all the business and the rest of us were just sitting around on our asses with nothing to do. Bad thing was, she was only charging a couple of bucks for a blow-job. Stupid! Here she was endangering the whole operation for a few stinking bucks.

HUSTLER: Do you find any of the guys that come in attractive?

SUZI: Let's put it this way: a lot of them really amaze me.

HUSTLER: Why is that? From the way they're hung?

SUZI: Sometimes. But more by the type of men they are. Some of them are big-time lawyers and businessmen . . . come in here with their three-hundred dollar suits. You got to be impressed.

HUSTLER: How about the rest of you?

TONI: I've met some interesting guys, some attractive studs. But no one I really wanted to have an affair with. Most of them are nice, but nothing to write home about.



HUSTLER INTERVIEW

HUSTLER: What did you girls do before you were Dirty Talkers?

TONI: I worked for some Catholic priests. My fantasy is to have one of those mothers walk in here some day. Ooooh weee!

HUSTLER: How about the rest of you?

JOSI: Oh, the usual . . . security guard at the airport . . . office work . . . that kind of thing.

SUZI: Well, I've had kind of a checked career. I tried straight jobs . . . you know the office bit. But then I became a receptionist in a massage parlor. That I liked very much. And I was a masseuse, a waitress.

HUSTLER: How about you, Sandi, hiding out in the back there? What's your background?

SANDI: I go to school.

HUSTLER: What's your major?

SANDI: Fashion design.

HUSTLER: What are your sexual fantasies, Sandi?

SANDI: To have some gay guy as a customer and . . . and change him over. Make him straight, or at least bi.

HUSTLER: Do you get many gay guys in here?

CINDER: Not many. They want to talk to guys and that's by appointment only. But we get a lot of bi's.

HUSTLER: Are there any types you refuse to talk to?

CINDER: Just cops . . . the plain-clothes dicks on vice.

HUSTLER: How do you treat them?

CINDER: Very carefully.

HUSTLER: If not illegal, do you consider what you're doing sick?

CINDER: Hell no!

ALL: No . . . No way . . . Are you kiddin'?

HUSTLER: How about weird?

CINDER: Look, it's just a form of entertainment . . .

VERONICA: And a wonderful service!

HUSTLER: How about immoral?

VERONICA: Let me say this: you know both prostitution and massage are illegal in Chicago. So whatever comes up as a result of that is the norm. So now, to satisfy sexual needs, if you can't get a woman on your own here, you have a choice between dirty talking and manicure or pedicure. And we think dirty talking is a whole lot more erotic than getting your fingernails or toenails trimmed or polished. I mean, in terms of what's legal.

HUSTLER: Okay . . . but look at it this way . . . it seems you're feeding on unfortunate people who are in desperate need of something who can't get it in the regular or normal way. Now, is it immoral for you to get guys like that all worked up and turned-on, and then just leave them hanging. Let's face it . . . how many guys are going to go away from someone talking dirty to them and feel satisfied?

CINDER: If you could go out and get a hooker, that would solve the problem right there. God, I'd love to run a house of prostitution, an old fashioned kind, like the Everleigh sisters. But since you can't legally, you do the next best thing, which is come to us. The important thing is that the guy has a climax.

HUSTLER: You mean guys come just from you talking to them?

SUZI: Well now, you have to know how to do it right.

HUSTLER: How's that?

CINDER: Look, they can either masturbate while you're talking to them, or they can be masturbated.

HUSTLER: You mean jacking-off someone isn't illegal in Chicago?

VERONICA: You better believe it!

HUSTLER: Working over some guy's tool isn't considered massage?

CINDER: Nope. Handling a person's genitals isn't considered massage.

HUSTLER: But oral sex in the back rooms is illegal?

VERONICA: That's right, any entry into the body — vaginal, oral, or anal — is illegal.

HUSTLER: How about in the ear?

CINDER: (laughs) We haven't checked that out. Not much call for it.

HUSTLER: Then all the guys that come in here — no pun intended — either jerk-off or are jerked-off?

SUE: Ninety-nine and ninety-nine-one-hundredths per cent.

HUSTLER: What about the others?

SUE: They just want to talk . . . maybe they're just lonely. So they tell you about their families, their job, some problem they might be having. Sometimes they just want a friendly feminine ear to pour their troubles into. Some don't even want you to talk dirty. The majority of guys that come in here are extremely frustrated or homely or both. They just don't have anywhere they can go and sit and talk to a young attractive girl.

HUSTLER: You said that you are either topless or nude for the higher priced Hot Nasties. What about the customers? Do they take their clothes off?

VERONICA: Not generally. We don't encourage it.

HUSTLER: Just their peckers then?

SUE: That's right. No fuckie, no suckie here. If they're completely nude and someone walks in — the vice — you might get charged with prostitution. It looks bad.

HUSTLER: How about the room where the Hot Nasties take place? How big is it, and what does it have in it?

TONI: Oh, about 4' x 10'. Got a mattress pad, an ashtray, a little light, and a Dixie cup.

HUSTLER: Dixie cup?

TONI: Sure, with a little hand-cream in it. You put it on their dicks while you're working on them. Makes 'em come a little faster, feels better, I guess.

HUSTLER: What kind of cream is used?

TONI: Well, there's a house cream. But I personally use (laughs) Intensive Care!

HUSTLER: Any occupational hazards in being a Dirty Talker?

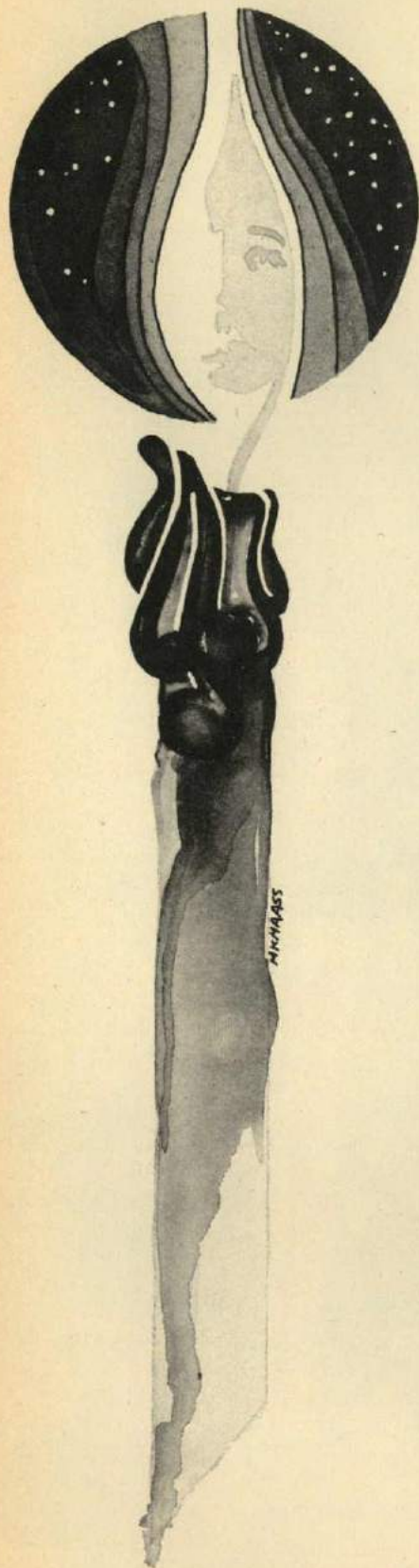
TONI: You got to watch out in the

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"I SUPPOSE YOU MEET A LOT OF SICKIES IN YOUR BUSINESS."

CONCENTRATED GIRL: "Crap!" the old man blurted loudly to himself with a wince. "If I could get into you."



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cascaded down the entire length of her back and followed her like a cape as she skittered about the room. Her body was thin but she was becoming very much a woman. She had turned eighteen a couple of months ago.

Marty was thirty-five. Born in 1954, he now spent most of his time staring at candle flames, often fighting off an encroaching emptiness. "Let's get out of here and go somewhere," he said.

"Nowhere to go," she remarked. "It's all the same."

"Come on, let's go to the park," he insisted. "I get fidgety sitting inside all day."

She pulled her dress up to her shoulders. "Sexual intercourse if we stay." Underneath her dress her skin was bare—a body-pie for Marty to devour.

He had to smile. "You crazy cunt! Come on, let's get out of here." But when she came closer he attacked her breasts.

"Rape!" she squealed, then followed him through the door laughing, her voice chiming in the empty halls.

They walked hand-in-hand down the streets, passing row and row of tall brick apartment buildings. A few other people passed by—some glancing at them curiously, a few smiling with friendly eye-contact, but most ignoring them completely. Most people were in their apartments staring at something. There was nothing to do outside anymore, so why bother to go to the trouble of making an effort?

"I remember a time when you could leave your apartment and find somewhere outside where you could be completely alone," Marty remarked.

"You could sit somewhere and hear birds and see nothing but the blue and green of the sky and nature."

"I suppose now we're going to hear what an old man you are and all about the innumerable experiences you had even before the sperm-me combined with the egg-me to make the body-me."

"Well..."

They passed the old highway, dodging through the flow of bicycles, and made their way to the park. Marty retained a love for trees, and the park

was the only place nearby where any could be found. Most trees had been used for fuel years ago and had never been replaced.

The park took up what may once have been considered an average-sized city block. A few people were already there, leaning against the trees and staring off at something in the distance. Others sat up straight in cross-legged positions, concentrating on the trees themselves or perhaps the tips of their noses. Our couple found a free tree where they sat down and leaned back. In the distance, as far as they could see, was an assembly line of brick edifices containing the population of the land. Marty stared at the sky and drifted into deep concentration, his gaze permeating the endless blue, but before he even forgot his body he was wrenched back to attention.

"Warts on logs!" the raucous voice bellowed. "Look at you! Warts!"

When Marty jerked, Celia touched him lightly and said, in a soft voice, "It's just some old man expressing his feelings."

The man had a frizzled beard and wore old faded clothes. He stood on the edge of the park, glaring menacingly at the people. Most of them ignored him, though, and some were so deeply in concentration they didn't even hear him.

"Bunch of zombies!" he shouted, clomping heavily toward them. At one time Marty may have thought he was a drunken bum, only now there was no liquor and practically anyone could have been called a "bum." The man came to within a few feet of Marty and Celia and became obvious about staring up Celia's dress.

The way Celia sat cross-legged, wearing no panties, would have been considered quite a view in the days of the old man's prime. Marty knew how delectable the young girl must appear, and hoped the old man wouldn't start trouble. Celia was unruffled, as usual, and steadily watched the man staring between her thighs.

"Crap!" the old man blurted loudly to himself with a wince. "If I could get into you. If I just could feel something like that again." He reached down and moved his hand forcibly against

CONCENTRATED GIRL: "You just want sexual intercourse," she said, wrestling him down, pressing herself against him.

himself, and his eyes half-closed at the sexual sensations.

Marty thought maybe if they ignored the old man he'd go away. But, before he realized what was happening, Celia jerked up and started toward him.

"Celia, wait. . . ." Marty called.

But she walked right up to the old man, halting half a foot away. "There are women," she said in her soft voice, "lonely and hungry for a man like you. Go find them, give it to them. Don't walk around flinging shit from your mouth, wailing about the past, desiring what you could just as easily have."

The man paused just a second, then reached out and clamped his arms around Celia's waist and pulled her tightly against him. "I want you," he moaned, pressing himself against her. Marty was repulsed, and wondered if he should interfere before it went on any further.

Celia made no effort to free herself, but said, "You could find someone who needs you. There are women who remember the same things you do, who need you like you need them." She thought of her mother.

But the man pressed and squirmed until finally he grunted, held her hard for a second, then let go. Celia saw the wet spot forming in the front of his pants. "You should give it to someone who wants it," she repeated gently.

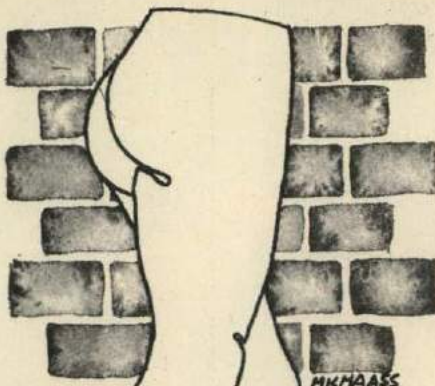
"You don't know!" he spat back, glaring at her now. "You don't know how it feels when it wrenches in here." He pointed to his heart. "You don't know what I know," she said, then turned and walked back to Marty.

The old man watched for a moment, then meandered away, muttering to himself. Marty said, "God, I didn't know you had it in you."

"He could have been you," Celia said simply.

Marty flopped back at the base of the tree. "A lot of those old buzzards never learned to concentrate," he said after a while.

Celia sat beside him and focused her eyes on a flower. She was very good at concentration, having been taught from birth. She could direct her attention on one point for hours, her body motionless, her mind still. Some-



times the only thing that brought her out of it was the desperate need to get to the bathroom.

They sat without moving, and Marty stared into the sky until he was enveloped by the vast blueness. Sinking into the sky without fear of loss meant freedom from earth. The blueness entered his eyes and permeated his body, and his consciousness expanded beyond his physical form, blending into the blue. He was suspended there, transfixed, until he realized his being was saturated with blackness, with small white specks flashing throughout infinity.

The realization snapped him back to body-consciousness. Marty had no idea how long ago the sun had set. Celia's warm hands were curled in his; her eyes were closed.

"Celia?"

She didn't stir. He moved closer to her ear and whispered, "Sex freak on the prowl! Screw-mad man menacing the meditators!"

Abruptly she giggled. "A proposition from the physical dimension just perverted a good meditation," she said.

The only light twinkled from the stars. The moon loomed above some other land, and the buildings were all dark except for occasional flickers of candles. "Let's go home," Marty said.

In his apartment they lit their own candle and flopped on his mattress. Celia snuggled close to him, and her warmth caused his insides to glow. The energies from their bodies mingled and blended like an electrical dance. They held each other a long time without moving, concentrating on the inner warmth and light that resulted from their closeness. Finally

Marty said, "Celia, live with me. I hate sleeping alone."

"You know Mom," she answered. "She's afraid if I leave home they'll take her television. You know she gets privileges from my job and she lives for those five hours. She'd die if it wasn't for that television."

Marty thought for a moment. "They don't have to reassign you," he said. "You'd still be officially living there. I just want you here at night."

Suddenly she crawled on top of him. "You just want sexual intercourse," she said, wrestling him down, pressing herself against him. "I know you, Poo. Back when you were my age all people ever thought about was screwing. You've told me so yourself."

Marty started laughing but her movements caused him to become more urgent. He sensed the feminine heat radiating from between her legs and was fully conscious of the haven resting there, the cubby-hole for his manhood.

He got their clothes off, and then he felt the first of her body as the entire length of it clamped against his. "God, you're fantastic!" he moaned. "You drive me crazy! Especially for such a young twirp." She moved more vigorously on top of him, and his body suddenly leapt inside her in a quick jerk. Celia began whimpering, moving faster. "You're just a baby," he gasped. "God, I remember the year you were born!"

The candle had burned completely down by the time they finished. One good thing about knowing about concentration, Marty thought, was that sex could be made to last a lot longer. He lay there in the dark holding Celia's frail body tightly, then she finally announced she had to get home. Reluctantly, Marty walked her through the dark to her own building. He would miss her soft skin, her sweet scent, her female passion.

The next morning he opened his eyes and stared at the ceiling for a long time. Marty was amazed at how steady his concentration had actually become. Back in his teens and early twenties he had spent all his time doing things, racing madly from one restless activity to another, frantically

continued on page 105

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Dirty Talk sessions . . . when they come, that is. Some of them try to shoot their cum out at you through the peep hole. I always take along a towel to catch it, just in case.

JOSIE: Yeah, I've had them try to get their dicks right on through the peep-hole. I tell them, 'Baby, watch out there — you're gonna get splinters in that dick of yours if you keep that up.' And sometimes they play little games with you, like telling you they can't hear you and to put your mouth closer to the peep-hole. So they can come in your mouth!

HUSTLER: What does it take to be a successful Dirty Talker?

CINDER: A good imagination, and . . . well . . .

HUSTLER: How about a strong right arm?

CINDER: (laughs) Oh sure, that too. More important, though, you've got to play up the way you are . . . make the session personalized. Because, let's face it, they can jack themselves off. They come here for a woman. So the more you can give, the better it will be for them.

VERONICA: Imagination is the big thing. So if someone comes up with a really far-out fantasy, you have to be able to swing with it . . . not just sit back and say 'Ah . . . ummm . . . ahh, gee I don't know.' You've got to get them into the mood, because lots of men are really up-tight about what they think about.

HUSTLER: How about some of your unusual experiences as a Dirty Talker?

TONI: My wildest customers are the masochists.

HUSTLER: What do you do to get them off?

TONI: Oh, you step on them a little . . . spit in their eyeballs . . .

HUSTLER: You've actually done this to guys?

TONI: Shiiiit! You see them whips hanging up there on the wall? They're not there for decoration!

HUSTLER: How about some more specifics?

TONI: Well, there's some that want you to tie up their balls real tight with a string, or squeeze their balls until they damn near pop. Others want you to pull their ears back.

HUSTLER: Do you ever draw blood?

TONI: Oh sure! That's when you use your nails. I don't like to get into that anymore — broke off every damn one

of mine (holds up her hands to show). But Suzi, tell about that guy you had earlier today with the cup.

SUZI: Oh yeah . . . wow! I had this guy, an oriental. And I didn't know if he was gay or bi or what. A nervous, squirrely, little guy, and right off when we get back to the room he says, 'I like a boy too.' I explained to him that we have men available, but by appointment only. He got real excited then, like I didn't understand him. So he got around to explaining that what he wanted was a male in the room with us while I was talking to him, so he could get fucked in the ass by the guy. I told him that wasn't allowed, that he'd have to fantasize about that, even if we could get a guy to join us. Anyway he was disappointed but we went ahead with the session. Then when we were finished, he said he'd wait in another room until I had another customer. See, his idea was for me to catch the cum from my next customer in a Dixie cup, then bring it to him so he could drink the cum! Jesus! I told him, no way.

HUSTLER: Any other wild sessions?

SANDI: I got one that wants me to mother to him all the time.

TONI: Yeah, well I got one that wants me to rock him like a baby. He just sits in my lap and I stroke his head, and just rock him back and forth real gentle like. Oh, he's a real sweet guy.

HUSTLER: Are you stripped down while you're rocking him?

TONI: Depends on how much money he has, which kind of session he can afford. He always keeps enough back to give me a big tip. Like I say, a real nice guy. But Josi, tell him about the strawberries-and-ice-cream guy.

JOSI: Oh, yeah! This guy came in . . . and when I asked him what his fantasy was, he says 'Strawberries and ice cream.' Well, I didn't know what he had in mind, so I'm just thinking that over, when all of a sudden he says, 'Well, just imagine yourself laying in strawberries and ice cream, and you start smashing the strawberries so that the juice and ice cream go up your pussy and ass . . . and I get you down and start licking it out.' And just then, bang! He went off like gangbusters.

HUSTLER: Say, how about a sample of how an actual Dirty Talk session works — at least how one starts off?

TONI: Sure, I'll give you a sample.

HUSTLER: (going to booth and looking at peep-hole outside booth) This

HUSTLER INTERVIEW

is where you stay during the session? You sit on that stool while you're talking dirty?

TONI: (sitting down, putting mouth to peep-hole) That's right. Now you go around inside the booth.

HUSTLER: (going into the darkened small booth) All set.

TONI: (whispering sexily through peep-hole) What is your fantasy, honey?

HUSTLER: Getting sucked.


TONI: Would you like to get sucked? Like me to suck your dick? Would you like to feel my lips sliding up and down that big, fat prick of yours? . . . Huh?

HUSTLER: Love it!

TONI: Would you like me to suck your balls, have your balls rolling around in my mouth. Would you like me to stick my tongue up your ass?

HUSTLER: Beautiful!

TONI: Oh, what a juicy ass . . . Hey! This ain't gonna be no regular session you know!

HUSTLER: Well, you can't blame a guy for tryin'. They don't call me the Hustler for nothing, you know. 



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SCANDAL IN WASHINGTON: "The last hope of human liberty in this World rests upon us." Jefferson

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at the Marines; they had pistols and rifles and everything that goes with it. He said he thought we meant business. I said, 'You have got to stop drilling.' And that was the end of Jim Darden's gambit.

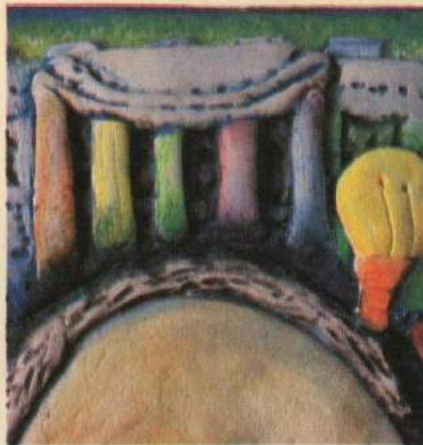
Things began blowing up for Secretary Fall when the newspaper boys picked up the scent in earnest. Shades of the Washington "Post", New York "Times", et al, was present in exposing Watergate, the Ellsberg break-in, et al. Except that back in the Twenties they didn't have a chief executive who cried "Foul" whenever his toes were stepped on. But then, perhaps he wasn't even aware that his toes were being stepped on. Above all this, the ominous power of the press hangs heavy. And in fifty years that power, if anything, has increased. It can be a powerful force for good. But it can, and has, been used for evil as well. Still, perhaps here in a democracy we had best heed Jefferson's sage observation: "The last hope of human liberty in this World rests upon us. Our liberty cannot be guarded but by the freedom of the press."

Clinton Anderson was then a reporter for the Albuquerque "Journal". Hearing about the new Secretary's newly found affluence down on the ranch, his getting livestock from the East, and the rumors of oil leases, he put two and two together. Snooping about here and there, Anderson even picked up some juicy morsels from the Katzenjammer Kids of the Rockies, Bonfils and Tammen. But Fall got wind of his snooping and one day he burst in upon the "Journal" demanding, "Who is the son-of-a-bitch who is writing these lies about me?"

Then, in a classic retort, Anderson, a lean, tall man, stood up and looking Fall squarely in the eye, calmly replied, "I'm the son-of-a-bitch, and I don't write lies!" It is said that Fall left the office very quickly.

About this time, telegrams began pouring into the office of John B. Kendrick of Wyoming. Was it true that Fall had leased government land? What were the terms? Why was there no bidding?

Now Harry A. Slattery got into the act. Slattery was a quiet, soft-spoken



lawyer and champion of conservationists who had been fighting against private control of public lands. When he heard of Fall's leases he was outraged and went to certain government officials. Then, according to Slattery, "Mr. Fall decided he would use some rough tactics. He had a two-gun man named Baracca who had passed several men over the Great Divide. Mr. Fall sent him round to see me with a threat. I kicked the gentleman out of my office."

When Albert Lasker of the Shipping Board brought up the leases to Harding, the President assured him that "This isn't the first time that this rumor has come to me, but if Albert Fall isn't an honest man, I'm not fit to be President of the United States."

He wasn't! Alice Roosevelt Longworth in her book *Crowded Hours* summed it up: "Harding was not a bad man. He was just a slob."

Harding himself never lived to see his administration of "best minds" called out by that doughty little giant, Senator Thomas Walsh, of the Senate Committee on Public Lands and Surveys. Senator turned sleuth, this short, dynamic man with the determined jaw probed the Secretary over and over as he sat before his Committee. Walsh was no Sam Ervin. Where Walsh was quick and nervous, Ervin was slow and ponderous. Where Walsh was short and quick of tongue, Ervin was large and almost Lincolnian in his easy Southern drawl. But both men were alike in their concern to see what they interpreted as justice to be carried out. In the case of Congressman Peter Rodino, Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee investiga-

ting impeachment possibilities against the former President no comparison can be made at all, since Presidential impeachment was not considered in regard to Teapot Dome. But more of this later.

Doheny continued his probing. Who loaned Fall money? Sinclair? Doheny?

The Secretary bellowed that it was outrageous. Yes, he had made a loan. But from Edward B. McLean for \$100,000, who was in Palm Beach and couldn't make the hearing. So Walsh journeyed to Palm Beach to interview the reticent McLean. It was true that McLean had made a loan to Fall. In three checks. But all three had been returned uncashed. They hadn't even passed through the banks! The mystery deepened. And the rumor factory went into full production. As it always does when there are unanswered questions. Vis-a-vis the Nixon-Bebe Rebozo-Howard Hughes rumors that had been flying around.

The weak, see-through excuses before the Committee didn't help either. Such as the excuse of G.D. Wahlberg, confidential secretary to Sinclair. It seems that the Assistant Secretary of the Navy's younger brother, Archie Roosevelt, told the Committee that Wahlberg had told him that Sinclair had paid \$68,000 to the manager of Fall's ranch. Wahlberg denied this. He claimed that Roosevelt misunderstood him. What he really said, he claimed, was that Sinclair had sent "six or eight cows" to Fall's ranch, not "sixty-eight thousand!" A most human error!

It wouldn't be until October, 1929 that Fall would be convicted. His sentence: One year in the federal pen! And Sinclair? He'd get six months. But not for Teapot Dome. For hiring detectives to shadow the jurors instead! Doheny, on the other hand, would be acquitted by one jury of bribing Fall, while at the same time another jury would convict Fall of taking a bribe from Doheny! The wheels of justice! Then, as now, a great many people began wondering about those wheels. And the light sentences that were granted high officials. And they complained that it's not what you did, but who you are that counts.

If Teapot Dome was the aristocrat

SCANDAL IN WASHINGTON: No wonder Jess was always humming, "Good God, How the Money Rolls In!"

of the Harding scandals, there were plenty of little fish getting rich on the corruption of the times. And nowhere did the corruption smell more than in the small greenstone-trimmed Victorian house at 1625 K Street in Washington.

The Little Green House on K Street, they called it. Better they should have called it the House of Graft. Social center for all the lovely people. Senators, congressmen, cabinet members, influence peddlers. Business by day. Pleasure by night. Nothing at all seems to have equalled it, even during Nixon's debacle. A few rounds of poker, a few drinks and plenty of money — and women!

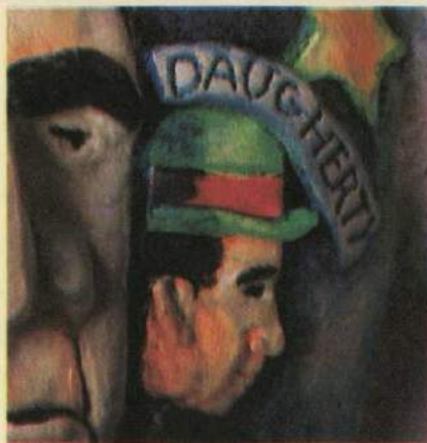
Need a permit to withdraw a thousand gallons of liquor from a government warehouse? Try the Little Green House. Have to get your triggerman out of the pen? Call at the Little Green House. Want to get your brother-in-law a job on the federal payroll. The Little Green House.

They were all there. Daugherty. Forbes. Smith. All out for a good time on the government. And Howard Mannington, former Assistant Secretary of State in Ohio, ran the whole corruption mill. There was M.P. Kraftmuller, for example, middle man for bootleggin' drug houses. He got his liquor withdrawal permits from Mannington. Then, when General Drug, for example, would pay him \$20,000 for a batch, he'd keep one-third as his commission and turn the rest over to Mannington. Every so often Jess Smith would stop by to skim off the profits. No wonder Jess was always humming, "Good God, How the Money Rolls In!"

Prohibition? It was a joke. Express wagons loaded down with illegal liquor daily rolled up to the Little Green House in broad daylight. Justice Department agents with drawn guns served as guards. Parties ran round the clock for days at a time.

Prohibition was even winked at in the best circles. Once when Mark Sullivan visited the White House, the President greeted him with, "Let's go upstairs and have a drink."

Upstairs in the presence of Mrs. Harding, he explained, "We both think that we ought not to drink in the White



House. But we feel that our own bedrooms are our house and we can do as we like here."

Well, hypocrisy has always been a problem for our government officials, even extending to the Chief Executive himself. Do as I say, not as I do. And Richard Nixon was not the first. Of course, that still does not excuse an administration running on a law-and-order platform from breaking the laws themselves. Law-breaking, be it breaking-and-entering or thumbing your nose at prohibition, can never be tolerated.

There was another house in Washington. This one was on H Street, quieter and more dignified by the President's poker playing presence. Still, there were times—such as when the F.B.I. agents were called on by the neighbors' complaints of noise. On entering they discovered drunken women sprawled about in various stages of disarray. One girl had been hit with a bottle. She lay on the sofa. While Harding, the President of the United States, leaned against a mantel, a bewildered look on his face.

Probably chief of the grafters was Attorney General Harry Daugherty. At 61, he was the prototype of the politician, his fat chin bulging out over his stiff collar, the derby set jauntily upon his head. "The Department of Easy Virtue" was the way Senator H.F. Ashurst described Daugherty's Justice Department. He was the only Attorney General to be investigated twice by Congress while he was in office and, after he left, indicted twice for malfeasance.

That is until John Mitchell came along. How significant that in both

eras—the Twenties and the Seventies—major crimes would be laid at the very doorstep of the nation's top prosecutor against crime. Perhaps the old maxim holds, that "it takes one to know one."

Later, Daugherty would brag, "No charge against me was ever proven." But this much is certain. When he came to Washington his liabilities were \$27,000 and his taxable property only \$8,030. Then, over the next two years he would deposit \$75,000 in his brother's bank alone back home. How many other bank accounts he held we don't know to this day. All this on a salary of \$12,000 annually, half of which went to pay his share of the cost of the H Street House!

Truly, the pickings were ripe in 1921. During the War some 18,000 industrialists had become multimillionaires by gouging the government on defense contracts. Now, the chickens had come home to roost and the investigations began. But it was always possible to do business with the amiable Attorney General.

As, for example, the Wright-Martin Aircraft people discovered. They had overcharged the government by \$2,267,342 during the War, yet they failed to deliver a single plane to the Western Front. Repeatedly, Justice Department investigations were squelched. And Daugherty, who himself owned some 500 shares of Wright-Martin when he took office, a year later suddenly had 2,000 more!

Then there was Daugherty's old law partner, John E. Todd. He suddenly found business booming. Good things happened to bootleggers who employed the services of Mr. Todd. Such as Cecil H. Kerns, doing time in the Atlanta pen for 'legging. After he employed Todd, he was mysteriously paroled.

Reporter Edgar Mels, interviewing Daugherty in 1926, remarked to the former Attorney General that he was either the most maligned man in America or the cleverest crook. Daugherty smiled, shrugged and replied, "You can take your choice."

The Attorney General suffered from spells of physical collapse. But little Jess Smith was always there to look

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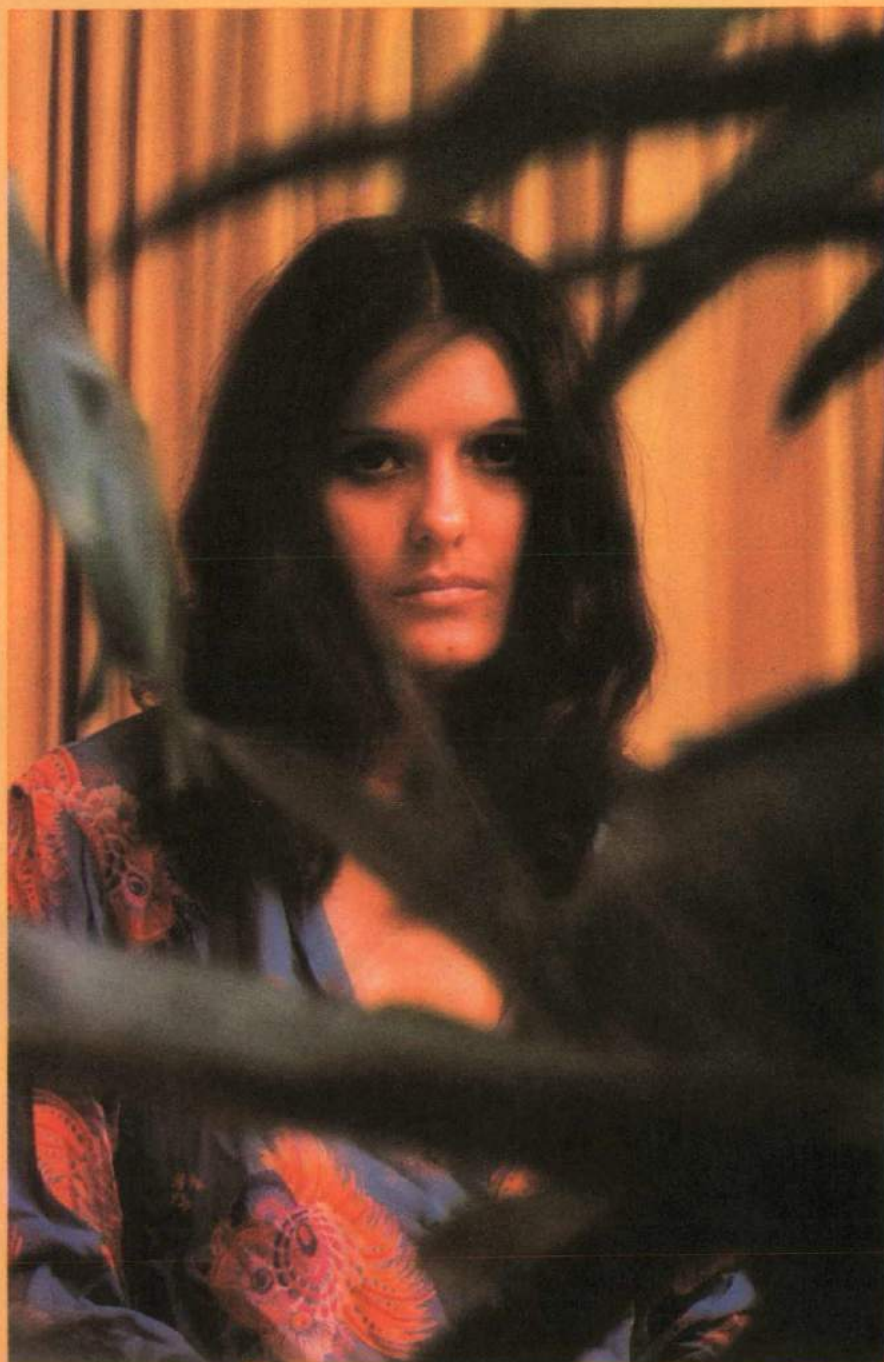


Awakening one morning, she felt that it was for the first time. That she just then was being born into this world. She did not remember what came before nor did she know what was to be in the future. She lay there beneath the warmth of a multi-colored afghan, the nakedness of her body wrapped in the freshness of the brightly flowered sheets. The sun peeking through the window shedding barely enough light for her to see the outline of the room: the solid, golden yellow wall behind her reflected in the full-length mirror opposite the bed; bright daisy designs decorating the two other walls; and a light green wicker chair in the corner

A clean comforting feeling engulfed her. She laid her head back to think — to dream. Where had she been before settling here? What had gone down that had brought her to this garden room? Her mind floated freely. She heard the music, the laughter, the many people there.

She entered — eyes turned — the music began softly in the background. She swayed smoothly, evenly around the floor, her eyes penetrating the anxious stares. Around and around. The music becoming louder — the beat becoming faster. She threw her legs high, her arms flowing like on strings around her body, her hair blowing, her eyes becoming wild with excitement.

Her mind was playing no part in the movement of her body. It seemed unfamiliar to her mind but her body certainly knew what to do. She danced and swirled and shook and rocked to the increasing pounding of the rhythm; her body performed the weird gyrations automatically. Her mind was not a part of this pulsating body. As she twisted around she looked down to see the movement and form of her steps and discovered she was naked. An unusually cool feeling swept over her that inspired her with new energy. Higher and higher her legs flew, louder and louder the music grew, wider and wider were the eyes of the audience catching, bit by bit, every intimate detail of her furry snatch. She loved them looking — she loved performing for all to see and for them to see all. Wider and wider she opened





CHRIS

up herself to them, feeling the heat of rising passion in the room.

The number was nearing its end. She began to prepare herself for the finale. Stepping on two chairs, she squatted deeply, letting her entire fur pie expose itself and swipe down on the seat of one chair, leaving a dampness behind. She propelled herself into the air, making a complete flip — head over heels — landing in a perfect split spectacularly placed upon a





CHRIS

lit candle on a nearby table. The people gasped with delight — a most appropriate finale indeed.

The sun now was filling the room, causing her to squint slightly. As her eyes gradually adjusted to the mid-morning sunlight, she saw there on the nightstand beside her was a note congratulating her for winning the amateur night. "Hope you enjoy Hawaii." A slightly melted candle lay underneath.





ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

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New York: New York is another city that has something for everyone no matter what size the pocketbook and what type of taste you may sport. Culturally, the **New York City Opera** will stage six new productions during its 1974-75 season at the **New York State Theatre**. The fall-winter presentations will be **Puccini's "Manon Lescaut"** and **Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus."** The **Dance Theatre of Harlem** will hold a benefit November 12th and will present some mighty fine dancing. The **Metropolitan Opera** has performances almost nightly with a variety of features, so check with them on what is currently running. The **New York Philharmonic** has a special Thursday series that you might want to catch, if you hit town on that day. **James Conlon** will be conducting on the 7th, and **Daniel Barenboim** will be the man with the wand on the 14th and the 21st. Plays, both on and off Broadway, are rapidly changing so check the *Times* for what's happening now. Some long-staying plays that you might want to see are "**A Moon for the Misbegotten**" starring **Jason Robards** and **Colleen Dewhurst** at the **Morosco Theatre** until the 17th. "**Raisin,**" the 1974 Tony Winner, will be around for a while. You can't miss **Carol Channing** in "**Lorelei**" at the **Palace Theatre**. Wonder if it will be as big as "**Hello Dolly?**" And for a little variety check out "**The Magic Show.**" The first magical, musical comedy. It should definitely be an experience. And "**The Hot L Baltimore,**" voted as the best American play in 1973 by the Drama Critics, would be a worthwhile comedy to take in. "**Candide**" at the **Broadway Theatre** is the "Best Musical of 1974" and a very interesting rendition of an old play. Restaurants, as you probably know, are in absolute abundance in every style of food you might like. Starting at the top, **Lutece** features the best in French cuisine, atmosphere and service and is one of the very few five-star restaurants. A rather different sort of dining place is **Nirvana Penthouse** overlooking Central Park and featuring the finest in Indo-Bengali cuisine and culture of

the East. **Pancho Villa's** is a good place for spicy but good Mexican food. For a nice relaxing massage, or whatever, try a couple of the parlours around town. A few that provide pretty good service are **Resort Spa, Middle Earth, Spartacus I and II, Caesars Retreat** and **Man's World**. The **New York Jets'** schedule brings them to the city twice during November — on the 3rd with Houston and on the 24th with Miami. The World Football League will not have the **Stars** in town but rather at Detroit on the 6th and at Memphis on the 13th.

OHIO

Akron: For it's size, this city has a lot going on, especially at **The Hustler Club** located at 21 South Main. All the clubs have beautiful girls who dance and make the customer feel like a king. For good eating try the **Bavarian Haus** for a good German meal. **Marcel's** has an excellent selection of seafoods and a speciality of frog legs. The atmosphere is quiet and kind of romantic. The **Carousel Dinner Theatre** will present **Louis Nye** in "**Charlie's Aunt**" from the 5th to December 1st. And the **Pagoda Garden** is great for Chinese food, especially the shrimp toast and **Geo Zeo**. For a little culture, try the **Akron Art Institute**. A fascinating show is always running at **Ramon's** but as of this writing, they had not confirmed their schedule. The **Performing Arts Hall** has a full schedule for November with **Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians** being on hand on the 16th. The **Akron Civic Theatre** always presents a fine show, so check them out when you hit town.

Cincinnati: The Queen City certainly isn't lacking in dining, theatre and entertainment places. Starting with **The Hustler Club** at 608 Walnut Street where you'll always have a good time. The beautiful **Dragon Inn** gives you everything from **Moo Goo Gai Pan** and **Hung Shai Chicken Que** to broiled live lobster and prime rib served in a quaint Chinese setting. Try one of the **Tropical Bar Specials** — they're delicious. For the best in Hungarian, Viennese cuisine, try **Kristof of Lenhardt's** world famous Hungarian res-

taurant. For the past five years, it has received the Holiday Magazine recommendation. **Carousel Inn's La Ronde Restaurant** has a full and varied menu, but French food is the specialty. Try **Entrecote Au Poivre** and imported French **Turbot**. The **Hunt Room** and **Taverne Bar** of the **Madeira Manor** reflects a luxurious atmosphere of the 18th century, with original paintings by renowned old masters lining the wall of the main salon. A real experience is the **Mike Fink**. A renovated old flat-boat, it is located on the Ohio River with a spectacular view of Riverfront Stadium. The **Cincinnati Bengals** will be in town on the 10th with Pittsburgh and the 24th with Kansas City.

Cleveland: Located on the shores of Lake Erie, Cleveland offers a variety of happenings. The **Cabaret Dinner Theatre** will present **Neil Simon's "Last of the Red Hot Lovers"** from October 4th to November 10th and "**Star Spangled Girl**" from the 15th to December 20th. The **Packard Music Hall** will have **Freddy Hart, Joe Stampley, and Lawanda Lindsay** on November 23rd. The **Metropolitan Opera** will be inactive in November. The **Cleveland Orchestra** will be performing every Friday and Saturday night at **Severance Hall** and should provide a pleasant listening experience. The **Cleveland Playhouse** always has a good professional play so you may check it out. The dining scene is very promising for most anything you have a taste for. **Kon-Tiki** at the **Sheraton-Cleveland Hotel** has the best in Polynesian foods and the exotic drinks are truly Polynesian — orchids in place of olives and pieces of pineapple as swizzle sticks. Also, while you're there, be sure to see the current play running in the **Sheraton's Town Room Theatre**. For complete elegance, try the **Red Fox Inn** or for a great Surf n' Turf go to the **Wagon Wheel**. The **Hustler Club** on short Vincent Street is always lively. The **Cleveland Browns** will be in town during the latter part of the month — on the 17th with Pittsburgh and the 24th with Buffalo.

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

Columbus: Ohio's capital is a beautiful and clean city. It's a big town but has that distinction of a small town atmosphere. Dinner theatres are all over the city. One of the most popular is the **Columbus-Springfield Dinner Theatre**, located between the two cities. It's about a 20 minute drive from Columbus. They will be featuring "Right Bed, Wrong Husband" from October 16th to November 17th and the "Impossible Years" from November 20th to December 31st, and both should provide a pleasant evening. Also, try the **Weathervane** and **Country Playhouses** for fine entertainment. For dancing, try the **Heritage Lounge** at the **Holiday Inn**. There's entertainment nightly. Also, the same for **Scot's Inn**, and **Sadie's Stage Door** in the **Sheraton** downtown. For good restaurants, try the **Lindenhof** and **Schmidt's** in **German Village**. Delicious imported German beer with the best German food. **Kahiki** is definitely an experience in good taste — Polynesian style. The atmosphere is complete with rain forests, fiery Polynesian Gods and wall-long aquariums filled with tropical fish. Both the food and drinks are excellent. The **King Cole** is a Mobil Guide four-star special and boasts a fine Continental and American restaurant. The **Hustler Club** located at 38 West Gay Street with **Whatever's Right** just downstairs is a double action spot. Get two for the price of one.

Dayton: This isn't the dining capital of the world, but we would recommend a few spots. The **Stockyards Inn** is Dayton's oldest and most unique restaurant. It's a good place to go casual and enjoy a relaxing drink with dinner. The **Pooki Pooki Night Club** is a fairly new club in town and usually has a younger set, but it does provide entertainment and dancing. At **Suttmiller's Theatre Restaurant** you can catch some well known names. Enjoy an early dinner in the **Ritterstube** and then move on to the **Theatre Restaurant** for an evening of entertainment. The **Dayton Hara Arena** usually has some pretty good people coming to town but tickets

should be purchased before hand for good seats and a discount price. For dancing and a fine band, try the **Ramada Inn-Stafford House** or **Holiday Inn-Downtown**. **Anticoli's** has some good Italian dishes. Try also the **Grub Steak** for the obvious. Don't forget to stop in at **Whatever's Right** at 1505 North Main Street for a swingin' time and then **Daddy's Money** for a good follow-up stop.

Toledo: A small type city, but definitely with its share of eateries. The **Wittenberg** is a good spot for both German and American food. **Tony Packo's** presents a very complete Hungarian menu with many old time favorites. Want to pick out your own live lobster, go to **Dyer's Chop House** where the seafood is excellent. And for dancing, try the **Commodore Perry Motor Inn** or the **Holiday Inn — Downtown**. For excellent service and atmosphere as well as the best steaks and seafood in the city, go to **Mansey's**. It has finally reopened after a devastating fire last year and is one of the nation's most unique and expensively decorated restaurants. It's definitely a delightful experience. Of course, while you're in town, don't miss going to **The Hustler Club** on 812 Jefferson Street.

PENNSYLVANIA

Pittsburgh: The Steel City has always been accused of being a dirty city because of the industrial wastes spewing from the steel mills, but about 15 years ago they started cleaning up. Now the city is as clean as, if not cleaner, than most cities in the nation the same size. Built around the hills of Pennsylvania, the sites of Pittsburgh are beautiful, especially from the top of Mount Washington overlooking the **Golden Triangle**. Both the **Edge Restaurant** and the **Lemont**, specializing in French cuisine, are located on the Mount and provide excellent atmosphere as well as a spectacular view. **Tambellini's** has excellent seafood and Italian dishes. **Christopher's** also has fine seafood along with juicy and tender prime rib. **Market Square** is where things are

really happening. There are about six nightclubs in the renovated section — all with entertainment. One club in the area worth mentioning is **Walt Harper's Attic** — always swinging. For top name entertainment check out the **Holiday House** in Monroeville. In nearby Meadville, enjoy a full course dinner at the **Cottage**, where old fashioned hospitality and home-style cooking are finely blended together with antique decor. Also **Don David's Steak House** features the finest steaks and seafood with casual dining elegance. The atmosphere is very pleasant and set in a Spanish decor. The **Pittsburgh Steelers** will be at Three Rivers Stadium only once during November — on the 3rd with Philadelphia.

Philadelphia: The City of Brotherly Love is definitely a city for all seasons — there's always something going on. The **Thanksgiving Day Parade** is a big occasion with good old S. Claus and his 5,000 helpers coming to town. Also, two of the biggest games of the year are held here — the Navy-Notre Dame game will be on November 2nd and the Army-Navy game played on November 30th. Both weekends are filled with pre- and post-game activities. Philadelphia is the center of history in the country and has been busily preparing for the Bicentennial. If you want to soak up some of this history, go down to the **Cultural Loop** and visit **Carpenter's Hall** where the first Continental Congress was held in 1774 — 250 years ago. **Independence Hall**, the sight of the signing of the Declaration of Independence and the writing of the Constitution, and of course, the famed Liberty Bell. **Congress Hall** was where the Congress met from 1790 to 1800 and **German-town** is a must for visiting some well preserved historic houses. Culturally, there is the **Philadelphia Museum of Art** presenting all medias and periods. Also there's an outstanding display of some 9,000 ceramics at the **Buten Museum of Wedgewood** — it's really fascinating. The **All Star-Forum** presents the **Royal Swedish Ballet** No-

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stand to reason, if you are doing a horror movie that you need a little action—a bit of violence? Would you want, or expect, the characters to sing hymns? Of course not. If you were making a film about Sunday School, things would be different—no need for violence in that case. What I'm saying—what I'm trying to get across—is that it depends on the subject matter I have to contend with.

HUSTLER: From the vast amount of publicity "*Frankenstein*" has received it's obvious that this is your most enterprising accomplishment to date. Didn't you use over sixty people in the film as opposed to a lot fewer in previous ventures?

MORRISSEY: Italian crews are very big! (laughing)

HUSTLER: "*Frankenstein*," as you are no doubt aware, left a number of critics gasping in the aisles. There were scenes of decapitations as well as other ghore-filled sequences. How were they staged?

MORRISSEY: We used a lot of animal inards. The effects—the decapitation scene and so forth—were all done by the Italians. They have a shop that specializes in this sort of fare. A lot of trick movie effects were used. They do it as a matter of course.

HUSTLER: Why did you want to do a parody on horror pictures in the first place?

MORRISSEY: I thought it would be amusing.

HUSTLER: No doubt you saw the original versions of "*Frankenstein*" and "*Dracula*" when you were a kid! Did they scare you at all?

MORRISSEY: I think they were great achievements. Classics. I don't remember if I was scared or not. That's going back a few more years than I can recall.

HUSTLER: Did these earlier works influence you in any way?

MORRISSEY: I followed their broad outline but that's where any similarity ends. My "*Frankenstein*" is quite different than the one in which Boris Karloff appeared. My monster is quite handsome. Not disfigured. He has a female counterpart. Their creator wants to mate them so we can have a super race. It's very contemporary in many ways.

HUSTLER: All your other films were made in America. How do you feel about working in Italy on this film?

MORRISSEY: I loved Italy and liked working with the people there. But, of course, I missed the United States. It took nine months to prepare—to do all the editing and supervise the final version. That really isn't much time for two films. You see, we did "*Frankenstein*" and "*Dracula*"—updated, due out in late Fall—one right after another. We finished "*Frankenstein*" in the morning, broke for lunch and started in on "*Dracula*" in the afternoon. Nobody goes and makes two films like that using the barest of scripts. Nobody does it once. I'd like to see them do it twice!

HUSTLER: Why do two movies back to back like this?

MORRISSEY: Mainly to save money. We brought both pictures in for around \$300,000. It kept the company going. We used the same crew and even many of the same actors and actresses.

HUSTLER: A substantial number of reviewers have panned your films. For example, the *Daily News* recently gave "*Frankenstein*" a zero star rating. The first movie to be so honored. Despite this adverse publicity the film is doing enormously well. Do critics mean anything to you?

MORRISSEY: *Daily News* critics don't mean anything, ever. I'm used to good reviews and bad reviews. All of my films have been poorly judged in New York. As a rule they do a lot better outside the city. I think it's because of the pretentiousness and stupidity of the critics here. They are the worst in the world. It's not as if they were pretending to be little film reviewers. They're claiming to be the ultimate marketers of good taste and excellence. Their pretentiousness is loathsome. With their stupidity goes their bad judgment. I've come to expect it. Critics don't mean that much. If people like a film they tell their friends.

HUSTLER: Are you doing pretty much what you'd like to be doing with your life?

MORRISSEY: It's nice being able to make movies. Though, when you're independent, as I am, you become somewhat limited in what you produce.

HUSTLER: Have you ever given consideration to entering the media of television?

MORRISSEY: Andy has had a project in mind for a long time that I wouldn't mind getting involved with. It's a TV

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soap opera. I think it would be very easy to do, fascinating and a lot of fun.

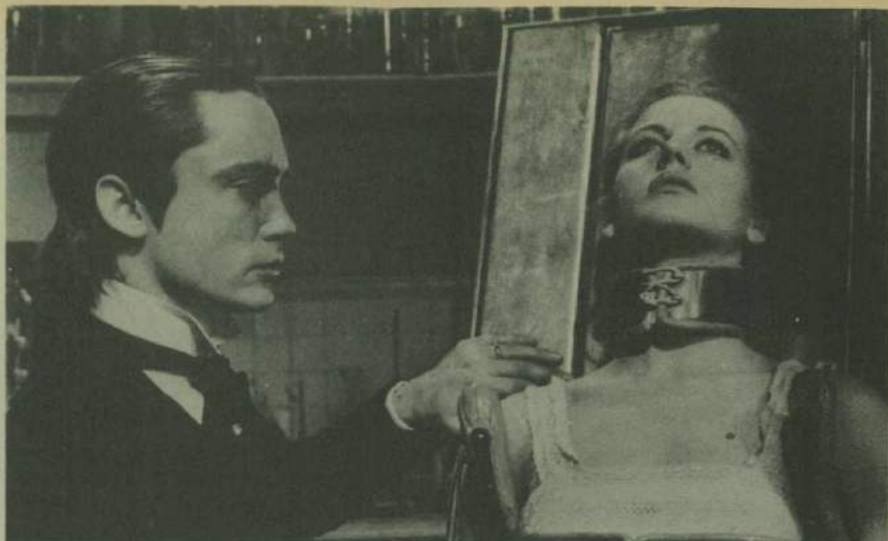
HUSTLER: At this stage of your career, are you concerned more with making a film that is artistic or commercial?

MORRISSEY: I never was one to get involved with artistic values. A film becomes artistic as years go by. It has to stand up thirty or forty years from now. I think you should make films that are commercial.

HUSTLER: I understand you're interested in doing a murder mystery next!

MORRISSEY: I must be lucky. I've always managed to maintain my freedom and what is even more unusual, I've always been successful at what I have done. A lot of fine directors and producers would give anything to do what I do—film a personal story—but they can't. They're trapped by the system into producing strictly commercial stuff. Not in a thousand years could they write and produce an endeavor like *Trash* or *Heat*. Now I'd like to go and do what they do. I want to start making adventure films.

HUSTLER: Do you have any thoughts



HUSTLER INTERVIEW

on what the future of the cinema might hold?

MORRISSEY: Movie houses, as we've come to know them for the last fifty years, are on the way out. They are living on borrowed time. In ten years there will only be television. Yes sir, every year there are fewer and fewer theaters and an absence of really successful screen plays. Things look deceptive now because we've had "The Exorcist", "Love Story" and "The Godfather." But the business is near ruin. It's gotten to be a tremendous risk for a major company to produce a lucrative venture such as any one of these three films. Perhaps I shouldn't paint such an utterly bleak picture about what is happening. The industry probably could be saved if anyone cared enough to do anything about it. We desperately need new faces. People are constantly looking for individuals they can respect and admire. Today's kids are into music. They have their idols just like we did on the "silver screen." They love David Bowie, Mick

Jagger. Can't get enough of them. It's not a question of whether they can sing or dance. That isn't so important. It all starts with a promoter telling everyone within earshot what his star can do. The public pays attention to this—it's called "hype." Bowie's very entertaining but he didn't become widely recognized until his producers—his backers—made him into a celebrity. The record company spends hundreds of thousands of dollars on promotion before anything begins to happen. We could be doing the same with films. Our kids have taken a step downward. By watching movies we could at least learn a little about the character of the person we were trying to emulate. You can't get the same effect by playing an LP on a stereo set at home. Thousands of youngsters seem satisfied going to arenas the size of Madison Square Garden where their idol is far off and appears as a mere stick figure jumping into the air. What kind of communication is that? The excitement has been perpetuated by promoters, salesmen and million dollar distributors of wax and vinyl.

HUSTLER: As far as stars go, do you look up to anyone?

MORRISSEY: I have my favorites. John Wayne, Clint Eastwood, Greta Garbo, Brigitte Bardot. But as far as I'm concerned—in my opinion—Elvis Presley is the greatest person, the biggest star, of my day. He has done financially so well and, in addition, is seemingly the nicest guy we've had around the last twenty years.

HUSTLER: What are a few of your favorite films—among those you've seen recently?

MORRISSEY: "My Name Is Nobody"

has to rank at the head of my list. It's a Sergio Leman production but features Henry Fonda. Even more recently, "Chinatown" hit home.

HUSTLER: I take it you approve of Roman Polanski's workmanship?

MORRISSEY: A talented fellow. His films are usually excellent. "Rosemary's Baby," "Macbeth" were tops.

HUSTLER: Do you hold the same sentiment toward Alfred Hitchcock?

MORRISSEY: No way. Most of his movies are so bad, I can't watch them all the way through. He's made so many that by volume alone—percentage-wise—there would have to be a few that are passable. As a whole, I don't think he's so hot.

HUSTLER: Do you have any enemies in the business?

MORRISSEY: Critics! They haven't been very receptive.

HUSTLER: Do you think they have failed to understand what you are driving at in your films?

MORRISSEY: I don't know exactly. I think the films are, as a rule, a little better than they say.

HUSTLER: As an obvious example, did the reviewers fail to see the humor in "Frankenstein"?

MORRISSEY: Many of them must have. I suppose some people won't find it funny. But if they don't take it in the proper vein, I fail to see what they are using as a standard.

HUSTLER: In that case, do you feel Hollywood will ever get around to welcoming you as a fellow director? Your style is, admittedly, alien to their style.

MORRISSEY: Sure. People in Hollywood have always been friendly toward me. If I brought them a specific type of property—something they

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AFTERNOON ON SKIDROW: "I'll yank your red-headed pussy bald!" Dorothy screamed, moving toward Barbara.

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on the Glimmer Street beat. He filled the doorway and had to hump to get inside the room. He stood beside the door after closing it, snorting and turning his bull-like neck and looking at everyone in the room, almost at the same time. Tiny blood veins stood out in his cheeks and across his flat nose, which was broken in the middle and caved in. His eyes looked like two pieces of wine cork floating in a pan of milk. He cleared his throat with a wheezing sound, which sounded like the far-off scream of a squad car, and spat on the floor.

He strode toward the bar, going between two little Mexicans who were in an argument over who could drink the most whiskey and stay on his feet. He put a hand on each of their heads and said: "Get out of the way you greasers or I'll crack your skulls like an egg shell." He shoved them roughly aside and leaned against the bar where they had been. He thumped on the bar with his fist. "One beer," he said gruffly. "Any kind."

Jake was so fascinated by seeing something like this stranger that his eyes almost popped out of his head. He reached inside the cooler for a bottle, forgetting that he was sick. The stranger reached out a long arm and took the beer before Jake had time to open it. He stuck the neck of the bottle to his mouth and popped off the cap with his teeth.

Then he made that wheezing sound inside his throat again and spat the beer cap across the room, where it hit the floor, spun like a top and finally rolled against the wall.

Dorothy got up from her chair and staggered toward the stranger, the beer catching and holding her eyes as a magnet holds a piece of steel.

Barbara danced about the room, still holding her skirt high to her thighs and shaking her hips to the rhythm of the juke box music. When she saw the stranger glancing at her, she stopped, facing him. Then, grinning impishly, she hunched her behind and spread her legs, flaunting her gaping cub, which was surrounded by long, fiery red hair and made you think of a rising flame. The stranger let out a keen whistle and

Barbara rushed over to him, put her around his arm, and mashed her breasts hard against him.

The stranger turned and looked down, directly into Barbara's face. He wiped his mouth on the back of his hairy hand. He grinned. "Hello babe," he said.

Barbara winked her right eye. "Where did you blow in from?"

"Ain't been blowed yet today."

Barbara threw back her head and laughed a lusty laugh, her eyes brimming with tears. The stranger put an arm around her and smiled, deep wrinkles forming around his eyes. Then suddenly his smile faded and his face became grim and as hard as the steel-jawed rat-trap Jake kept in the beer cooler, as he turned and looked around the room to see how everyone was taking it.

"Wouldn't you like to nibble on my knockers?" Barbara asked.

"Do you like watermelon seed?" the stranger returned.

Barbara then reached inside her blouse and took out one of her crimson-teated breasts and shook it, putting it up against the stranger. "How's that for a bubble?"

The stranger let out a roaring laugh, deep inside his throat. Then, wiping the neck of the bottle, he turned it up and let beer gurgle down his throat. Dorothy, who had been reeling drunkenly, and making horrid faces when she saw Barbara beat her to the stranger, now edged for the bar when she saw him turn up the beer.

After putting the bottle down, he turned and looked at Barbara again, letting his arm play up and down her back. "Say babe," he said. "I could bite the nipples off your tits and spit them out just like watermelon seeds."

Everyone in the joint burst into laughter at the stranger's joke on Barbara. Barbara laughed too, and edged closer to the man, her breast still hanging outside her blouse.

"You're my honey," she said. "You'll buy me a beer? You know, I believe I could love you."

"He's buying me a beer!" Dorothy wailed, moving to the bar on the other side of the stranger.

"Like hell he is!" Barbara snapped.

"I'll yank your red-headed pussy

bald!" Dorothy screamed, moving toward Barbara.

"You drunken clapped-up slut!" Barbara snarled. She gave Dorothy a hard shove and Dorothy fell sprawling on the floor.

"Now look here, girls. I'm getting caught in a cross-fire." The stranger turned and again looked around the room, his face taking on that steel-trap look. He snorted again.

"You ain't my honey-boy," Barbara pouted. "You won't buy me a beer." She ignored Dorothy who lay on the floor, kicking her feet and cursing in a shrill voice, making no effort to get up.

"You're a winner, babe," the stranger said to her. Then he said to Jake, "Set her out a beer, knuckle-bone." Suddenly he threw his salt-shaker at a roach running across the floor. The shaker missed the roach and hit the wall, shattering into fragments. "God-damn cocks! I hate them!" he said vehemently.

"What's your name, honey-boy?" Barbara asked.

"Call me Little Boy. What's yours, babe?"

"Barbara." Then she said, "Little Boy, eh? If there's a single thing little about you, it's something I ain't seen yet." She giggled.

Little Boy took Barbara's hand in one of his bear-paw hands and squeezed it and she squealed with pain.

"Excuse me, babe. I didn't mean to hurt you," he said, laughing.

"You didn't, not much anyway." She left her stool and snuggled closer to Little Boy. "Would you like to have a date with me, doll-face?" she said.

"Well Barb, we might talk business."

Barbara jerked back from Little Boy and drew back her hand, "And don't you call me Barb! I don't like it! See? Call me Barbara!" She doubled her fist, her eyes blazed, I thought she was going to strike him.

"I didn't mean anything by it, Barbara," Little Boy protested.

She leaned against him and, expelling her breath, said, "Forget it. But don't call me Barb anymore. I hate that name. That's what that plugged-up aunt of mine in Hammond

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too. All the girls I have spoken to are very enthusiastic. We want to preserve the Windmill's name."

Nowhere in the country has burlesque been so startlingly successful as in Los Angeles. Julian Berger, who operates the Coronet Theater on La Cienega with his brother, Harold, says: "We have a full house practically every day and on weekends we really pack them in, especially at the mid-night show on Friday."

Berger is quick to dispel the myth that old, bald-headed men comprise the bulk of burlesque patrons.

"Our customers are all ages and come from every walk of life," he says. "During the week we get a lot of college kids and young businessmen as well as the bald-headed bunch. Well-dressed couples can be spotted in the audience almost any evening, particularly on weekends, and we do a big theater-party business."

Los Angeles residents have a great selection of peel palaces. One night not long ago, I visited some of the exciting ecdysiast emporiums on the Sunset Strip and environs to discover the reasons behind the big boom in burlesque. It proved to be an extremely eye-opening experience.

At the Body Shop on the Strip the girls weren't hammering dents out of car fenders but were revving up their well-lubricated chassis on stage for the benefit of visiting mechanics and other body lovers. My timing was just right. Sharon Carr, the feature attraction, had just slithered on stage. The buxom brunette held spectators spellbound with her sexy shenanigans. And when she finished, they yelled for more.

"Sharon doesn't need a 'gimmick' type of strip routine," owner Al Deitch told me. "Men are so wild about her that they wouldn't mind if she didn't strip at all . . . but just stood on stage in her G-string and pasties and smiled."

After her act, Sharon joined us. She didn't need any coaxing to give her views on the success of the striptease.

"As long as men are interested in sex, the striptease will remain alive and kicking. It's inevitable. Although sex may be expressed in a number of different ways, it will never be out of style."

Next, I went around the corner to the Pink Pussycat on Santa Monica Boulevard, just a garter's toss from

"Most women are frustrated stripteasers," she says. "They like to be exhibitionists. Otherwise, they wouldn't let designers force such ridiculous fashions on them as you see today — the low cleavage, the nearly nude lingerie, the swim suits."

the garish lights of the Strip, where the marquee boasts the "hottest striptease show in town." And it does offer a lot of bare flesh, daringly displayed by such clannish cuties as Peeler Lawford, Toni Curtis, Dina Martin and Fran Sinatra . . . whose curvy contours hardly resemble their famous namesakes.

Waitresses at the Pink Pussycat rival, and in some cases surpass, the breathtaking beauty of the frolicsome felines on stage. Waitresses take their job of pleasing patrons seriously, and wear black corsets, black mesh stockings and pink pussycat tails — which they encourage customers to pull. This I know from experience.

After being seated at a ringside table, I grabbed the tail of a passing waitress and gave it a playful yank. She giggled good-naturedly and purred, "Naughty, naughty." Suddenly, the gal who was waiting on my table appeared, ostensibly irate.

"If you're going to pull somebody's tail, you'd better pull mine," she said, pouting prettily. Naturally, I accepted her invitation and gave her tail a good, hard yank.

"That's more like it," she cooed, smiling sexily. "Just remember, I'm your pink pussycat. I don't want you pulling anyone's tail but mine."

Without question burlesque has become, once again, an "in" form of amusement. Ann Corio, one of the best-known strippers of yesteryear, is currently showing audiences all over the country how burlesque used to be in a racy revue called *This Was Burlesque*. Described as a "musical satire based on Miss Corio's recollections," the show played more than three years in New York City and grossed \$4 million.

It proved to be an even bigger bonanza for Miss Corio and her partner-producer, Michael Iannucci,

when they took the show on the road. Surprisingly, women outnumbered the men 3 to 2 at the performances. Observers attributed this to two factors: women were curious to see Miss Corio's still shapely figure at the age of 50 plus, and they had no qualms about attending a top-flight burlesque show in a respectable setting. Miss Corio has another explanation.

"Most women are frustrated stripteasers," she says. "They like to be exhibitionists. Otherwise, they wouldn't let designers force such ridiculous fashions on them as you see today — the low cleavage, the nearly nude lingerie, the swim suits."

In any case, *This Was Burlesque* has drawn hold-over weeks in most of the cities it has played. The show was originally slated to tour only one summer, but road bookings have been so lucrative that it will remain on tour indefinitely.

Other conditions that helped bring about burlesque's comeback include the nude extravaganzas staged in Las Vegas by Harold Minsky. The latter is credited with saving the Dunes Hotel from bankruptcy some years ago by bringing a burlesque-type show with a Parisian motif to the Aladdin Room. It was the first show of its kind to be staged in Las Vegas and inaugurated a new entertainment trend there.

It was Harold Minsky's father, Abe, who with the help of his brothers Billy, Herbert and Morton, made burlesque one of America's most popular forms of entertainment. He opened the nation's first burlesque house, the National Winter Garden Theater in New York City, shortly after the turn of the century. During the early years of burlesque, the shows were built around comedians and a chorus of cuties clad in tights who sang and danced.

Not until 1928 did the striptease become the highlight of burlesque shows. It originated quite accidentally when a platinum blonde named Hinda Wassau stepped from the chorus line to do a tap dance at Chicago's Haymarket Theater. As luck would have it, one of the straps on her costume came undone at the beginning of her routine. The more she danced, the more the audience got to see of her. Miss Wassau was frantic with embarrassment and didn't know what to do. But the audience did. They applauded like crazy.

When she finished her number and

retired to the wings nearly nude, Miss Wassau expected to be fired on the spot for her unladylike exhibition, unavoidable though it was. But her fears proved to be unfounded. The theater manager rushed over to her, complimented her on the sensational new "act," and told her to use it in the show from that day on. Thus the striptease was born.

Boston's legendary Old Howard Theater reigned as the citadel of burlesque during its heyday. The Brahmin side of Beacon Hill always felt somewhat uneasy about the fact that the Old Howard had given their fair city a rather notorious reputation. But less proper Bostonians were delighted that such a "den of iniquity" existed in their puritanical home town and took a secret pride in being from the city that contained the infamous institution.

The Old Howard provided refuge where bums and bluebloods alike could sleep all day without fear of interruption; a haven where businessmen and politicians could temporarily forget their troubles; and a favorite haunt of Harvard students.

A popular quip around Harvard Yard was that "the Harvard curriculum includes Howard Athenaeum, I, II, III and IV," and was attributed to virtually every good-natured Harvard professor, including the late Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, a self-confessed Old Howard devotee. When a comedian told an unusually vulgar joke during one of his visits, Holmes is reported to have mumbled, "Thank God I am a man of low taste!"

Burlesque barreled merrily along at the Old Howard and the 50 or more other burlesque theaters throughout the U. S. until 1942, when the New York Society for Suppression of Vice pressured then Mayor Fiorello La Guardia to ban burlesque in New York City. This body blow to burlesque caused the late Robert Ruark to write: "The burlesque show, as vital a slice of Americana as the covered wagon, seems just about ready for the boneyard, along with the 10-cent milkshake."

During the next decade Ruark's prediction was somewhat substantiated in fact. One theater after another shuttered, primarily because of police pressure, until only a handful remained. Strippers didn't take the situation lying down. They packed

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"Just remember, I'm your pink pussycat. I don't want you pulling anyone's tail but mine."

their G-strings and moved on to greener, more profitable pastures in night clubs.

Today, an estimated 3,000 of these bright-plumaged creatures are shedding their fine feathers in plush night clubs as well as drafty burlesque houses across the country. Top-flight peelers like Hope Diamond and Blaze Starr demand as much as \$3,000 a week for their stellar strip services and usually get it. It's simply a matter of supply and demand — and the demand for strippers has never been greater.

Who are the girls entering the peeling profession today and where do they come from?

"In the old days," says Leroy Griffith, a former candy butcher who now operates 10 burlesque houses in the East, "every burlesque show had a chorus line. When a new girl showed appeal in the chorus, she was converted into a stripper. But, what with union wages and other high expenses, the average burlesque show today can't afford a chorus, so that source of supply is gone. We have to find amateurs who want to be professionals and have what it takes."

Not long ago, Griffith sent out a call for housewives, secretaries, teachers, waitresses and airline hostesses to "get into a real profession" by entering an amateur striptease contest. The competition was held for a week at the Gayety Theater in New York City and hundreds of gals from all walks of life turned out.

Amateur striptease contests have rapidly sprung into vogue in a number of big cities as a means of corraling the Tempest Storms and Evelyn Wests of tomorrow. In Los Angeles the Pink Pussycat conducts them Sunday evenings. I asked several participants why they wanted to become professional peelers and received these

answers.

"It's the money, honey," said a blonde named Leslie. "And there's nothing wrong with it. The body's a beautiful thing."

Margie, a housewife, had a different and rather unique reason.

"I want to show that a housewife doesn't have to stop being a woman just because she's a housewife," she declared. "My friends are shocked. But I don't care one bit. I like to shock people."

A redhead named Rose said she did it because her boy friend likes striptease shows.

"I went to one every night for a week with him. At last, I said to myself, 'Okay, if that's what he wants, I'll show him I can do it, too.'"


Several years ago the Pink Pussycat devised a novel way of recruiting girls for their strip shows by establishing the Pink Pussycat College of Striptease. Says Harry Schiller, founder of the college and club owner: "There are lots of girls who want to strip, but few know how. We decided to give them a place to learn."

Despite a rigorous screening process ("We don't take girls who just want to learn to strip so they can be the life of the party"), and a tuition fee of \$100 for 10 semi-private lessons, the College of Striptease has basically been a bust.

"About 50 percent of the students fail when they face an audience," says Schiller. "They just don't establish a rapport."

In addition to Los Angeles and other U. S. cities, the striptease brigade has invaded the nation's capital. Columnist Richard Starnes envisages the invasion as a possible threat to the government, which is already overrun with other types of scandals.

"Washington is fair reeling under a plague of peelers," he noted in a recent column. "Frankly, I don't know what to make of this trend. Is our nation's destiny in the stewardship of a bunch of high steppers who drink devilish cocktails and spend their evenings watching exotic dancers? Has the time finally come to move the nation's capital deep into darkest Kansas? I don't know, but I can assure you I'm going to watch this dangerous trend closely from now on."

Judging from the way burlesque has bounced back, Starnes will have plenty of company. 

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vember 17th and the **Slash Polish Dancers** on the 24th at the **Academy of Music**. For good eating places check out the **Old Original Bookbinder's** or **Bookbinder's Seafood House** for a big tender lobster. Le Bec Fin and Le Pavillon are excellent for their French cuisine and the atmosphere is very pleasant. **Imhoff's** in Germantown is great for a full German taste treat. The **Philadelphia Eagles** will be in town twice during the month — on the 10th with Washington and on the 17th with St. Louis. Unfortunately, the **Philadelphia Bell** of the World Football League will not be home all month but will be playing at Birmingham on the 6th and at Detroit on the 13th.

TEXAS

Dallas: Big "D", little "a", double "l", "a", "s", as the song goes, is a fun city. There's a lot of eating places and entertainment too. **Daddy's Money** is a good steak and seafood place, especially for lunch. **Jay's Oyster Cover** presents an "all you can eat" policy. Try the fresh water catfish. For something quick, try the **After Five — Jay's Marina**. "All you can drink" is the policy at **Clocks of Five** — this includes wine, beer and Sangria. For top name entertainment, check out the **Dallas Hyatt House**. Their plans were still unconfirmed at this writing, but you can always be sure to see a good show and relax in the elegance of the atmosphere. The **Venetian Room** of the **Fairmont** has a full month with the **Pointer Sisters** from October 30th to November 9th. **Mel Torme** will follow from the 11th to the 19th and **Ray Charles** will close the month from the 20th to the 30th. Dinner theatre is very active with **Granny's Dinner Playhouse** presenting **Vivian Vance** for the entire month in "Barefoot in the Park." The **Crystal Palace** will have the "Sound of Music" from October 29th to December 8th. Also check out the **Country Dinner Playhouse** and the **Windmill Dinner Theatre** for their current presentations. And for a little variety, **Theatre 3** in the Quarangle presents some interesting pro-



ductions nightly. If you're staying at the **Sheraton-Dallas Hotel**, or just going by, you have a wide choice of dining areas in the hotel itself. **Ports O'Call** presents some mighty fine Polynesian and Oriental cuisine. And on a more casual line, the **Stampede Room** and **The Watering Hole** have a little Western flavor to them. You can get a very thick and juicy steak plus music and dancing nightly. There are quite a few massage parlours in town. A few that are worth a try are the **Imperial House of Massage**, **King's Palace** and the **Country Club**. The **Dallas Cowboys** will be in town on the 3rd with St. Louis, on the 10th with San Francisco and the 28th with Washington.

Houston: The **Sheraton Inn-Town & Country** located on West Belt houses three eateries. The modern **Penthouse West Restaurant** specializes in Steak Kiane but presents a full menu of good food. The **Greenery** is a pleasant sight with the many surrounding plants. And the **Critic's Corner**, specialty Crepes Louis, is a fine place to settle back and just take it easy. There's entertainment nightly for your dining and dancing pleasure. We've mentioned **Brennan's** before, but feel it's worth repeating. This restaurant may be the best in Texas, not only for French and Creole cooking, but also steaks and many exotic items. They have a terrific brunch that's well worth taking time to enjoy. **Trader Vic's**, in any city, will never be a disappointing experience — excellent Polynesian food and drinks. Lo-

cated in the **Shamrock Hilton** with **Vic's** is the **Terrace Room** which is a good place for a drink. **Da Vinci's** is noted for their fine Italian and Sicilian food. The **Houston Oilers** will be in town at the end of the month — on the 17th with Cincinnati and on the 24th with Dallas. In the World Football League the **Houston Texans** will play Jacksonville on the 6th and Birmingham on the 13th.

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee: The Beer Capital of the world is like a little Chicago — it has everything the big city has except a few million people. German food is the best here, maybe because it goes so well with the beer. Two places that are just excellent from service and atmosphere to a perfect menu is **Mader's** and **Karl Ratzsch's**. You will have no complaints with either of these spots. **Frenchy's** is the tops for unusual and exotic items like Buffalo or Kangaroo meat, but their specialty is French cuisine, of course. Stop in at **Frenchy's Bulldog Pub** downstairs for live entertainment and dancing. **Constantine's** specializes in prime rib and oysters Rockefeller and **Wintzells' Oyster House** has oysters any style you desire — fried, stewed, baked or nude. For some swinging action places in the city, try **Someplace Else** and the **Kennedy Cottage Discotheque**. The **Crown Room** in the **Hotel Pfister** always has big name performers and a beautiful view from the top floor. The hotel's swimming pool is located in a glass encased room next to the lounge which adds an interesting visual effect. The **Performing Arts Center** will present the **Istomin-Stern-Rose Trio** on the 18th and are reputedly "the best in 50 years". Since Milwaukee does not have their own football team, **Green Bay** occasionally plays in the Milwaukee Stadium. This will be the case on November 10th when the Packers will play Chicago. **DU**

ACTION

All the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

CONCENTRATED GIRL: "God," Marty whispered, taking her tightly in his arms, and then she burst into deep, wracking sobs.

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escaping boredom's relentless plague.

After the great energy crisis, when the fuel for public consumption had run out, activities as most people knew them came to an end as though a stagnant desert had settled over man's countless games. For a long time Marty suffered great mental anguish, believing he would eventually go berserk.

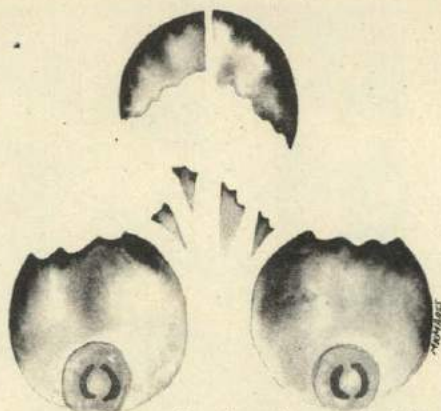
When it was discovered that the people who most easily adapted to inactivity were those who had been trained in meditation, the government gathered up all qualified yogis and meditation instructors and began a mass program to lay it on the people. Not everyone was able to meditate in the true sense of the word, but anyone of reasonable intelligence could be taught to concentrate on one point for any given length of time. It was something everyone had to learn to do, the only alternative being total insanity.

It freaked Marty when he first saw he could go through day after day of doing absolutely nothing, but with practice he actually learned to enjoy meditation and eventually overcame his need for constant activity. The secret of survival was total concentration on the present moment, never thinking of the past or the future. Thoughts only created desires and, since most desires could not be fulfilled, suffering was the inevitable result.

That afternoon he was staring out the window, absorbed in the tan brick wall of the building across from him, when he realized it was late for Celia not to be there. He hadn't consulted a clock in years but he knew she was late even if she had worked an extra shift again. A sudden pang of fear hit him. If something happened to Celia, where would his place be in this crazy world?

Suddenly Marty seemed to know exactly how the old man at the park yesterday had felt. Without Celia's life-giving presence, Marty himself would see the world as peopled by a bunch of zombies, as warts on a log.

If the man had been lacking in love, Marty had been lacking in compassion. Now he was frightened. For



some reason, he thought of Celia's mother, whose sanity was connected by a thin string to the past. He trembled and left the apartment.

As he feared, Celia hadn't been at the supermarket at all that day. "Never showed up and never sent anyone with word she was sick," the manager explained. "I don't know, she never did this before."

Marty's heart pounded after the long sprint to Celia's building; he raced up the stairs to the small apartment on the tenth floor where Celia lived with her mother. Like many her age, Celia had never known who her father was. Her mother lived inside like a hermit, hating to walk up and down the stairs, complaining because there was nothing to do anymore. The way the world had come to a halt was making her nervous, she had once remarked to Marty.

Marty banged on their door. No answer. He banged again. "Celia!" he yelled. "Celia, are you in there?"

After a moment he heard very soft footsteps, then the door opened. Celia gazed up at him.

"Celia, thank God!" But something was wrong.

"Poo. . . ." Her voice trembled. She could not talk.

Then he saw it. "Oh, my God!" he wailed. "Celia. . . ." His throat and jaws froze to a numbness as he surveyed the macabre scene in Celia's apartment. Her mother lay sprawled on the floor in a sea of blood. Splotches of red painted the entire apartment. Her head, face and neck were gruesomely misfigured. The television was shattered upon the floor.

It looked almost unreal, like an old stage setting for a horror drama, but

Marty knew it was real and he almost threw up. "What happened?" The words quivered from his mouth. He was not talking, but listening.

Celia gazed down at her dead mother with a vacant stare. "Mom watched television the five hours it was on, like she always does. Then when it blanked off, something seemed to snap in her. She looked at me wildly, like she didn't know me at all, then she screamed hysterically. Before I realized what was going on, she'd flown into the TV full force, head first. The shattered glass ripped her apart!"

Celia's whole body convulsed and began shuddering uncontrollably. "God," Marty whispered, taking her tightly in his arms, and then she burst into deep, wracking sobs.

After she let it all out, having gone through what she had to go through, Marty asked, "Why didn't you come get me? Why'd you just stay here?"

Celia stared at the mess on the floor. "I guess . . . I was in shock . . . and I wanted to be with her while she made the transition." She looked up into Marty's eyes, her own eyes wide. "I didn't see her die, Poo. I just watched her leave her body and, while she adjusted to formlessness, I didn't want her to be alone."

They remained silent for a while. Marty continued holding her, thankful for the warm life that radiated from within her, giving him a focal point in this insane world, a perspective on existence.

They had her mother cremated, then Celia was reassigned to live with Marty. He got her to also quit her job.

"We'll have to live on bare essentials," she warned. "If I worked, we could get a television."

"God, it drove your mother crazy, didn't it?"

Instead of candle flames, they concentrated on each other, delving further and further into the other's eyes which responded like mirrors. They stayed naked as much as possible, linked bodies when they both had the urge, and smiled as often as they could. And if a smile could be expanded to a laugh, then so much the better.

Life had to have something.

AFTERNOON ON SKIDROW: Jane yelled. "One arm off! Both legs gone! His head caved in! He's dead, I tell you!"

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calls me. And anyone calling me that reminds me of her."

Tom awakened behind me and started mumbling, and I could not catch anything else Barbara and Little Boy said. "They killed my father," Tom said. "That's exactly what they done. I should've never let them cart him off to that hospital. Them doctors cut him to death. He would've been better off right here in the Bucket of Blood. They didn't know what was wrong with him and so they cut him open to find out. I'll go straight to that hospital and cut two or three of them damn doctors open. Sons-of-bitches!"

Looking around, I saw Tom raise up from the table, a wild look about him, a long-bladed knife in his shaking right hand. He raked the knife across his unshaven face. Tom had been drunk ever since his father died a month before, from an overdose of heroin. He was obsessed with the idea that the doctors at the county hospital had killed his father on purpose. No matter how much you tried to tell him he was mistaken, he would not listen. He reeled across the room, mumbling to himself. "Pa was my best friend—the only true friend I had. Now he's gone. Cut to hell by them damn pill-givers. Sons-of-bitches!" He staggered against the wall and fell down. He lay there on the floor, cursing in a blind rage and stabbing the floor with his knife.

Someone outside hit the tavern door and it flew open with a bang. In came Jane. She was wild-eyed and out of breath. She left the door open. Someone jumped up and shut the door against the powerful wind. "They've got him!" Jane yelled. "The train run over Bill! He's laying up there on the tracks cut to hell. One arm off! Both legs gone! His head caved in! He's dead, I tell you!"

Jane stopped talking and took a hand and brushed the stringy hair out of her face. Her mouth popped open, showing a missing row of teeth, the result of a fight last week when Drunken Bill hit her across the mouth with a round from a chair, knocking out five front teeth. Jane had spat out the teeth, washed the blood down with beer and loved Drunken Bill all the



harder.

"God-damned sons-of-bitches!" Jane screamed. "Bill's dead! Dead! Run over by that god-damned passenger train!"

She began running around in circles, pulling out her hair. She threw handfuls of the stringy stuff on the floor, a bunch flying in my face. I shook my head and spat out the hair. That was the way with Jane, a buxom woman in her early thirties. Every time she got excited she became hysterical and began tearing her hair out by the roots.

"Bill! Bill's dead, you god-damned people! Do something!"

Everyone in the tavern roused up. Everyone knew Drunken Bill. Old Drunken Bill, as we all knew, worked at the steel mills. Each pay-day he would come to Skid Row and get on a spree and spend his pay-check. He couldn't spend his money fast enough. Sometimes he would get impatient spending it and take it by the handfuls throwing it into the streets, slapping himself and laughing gleefully as he watched the winos scramble for it.

"Bill! Old Drunk Bill!" someone said.

"Poor old Bill!" Dorothy said. "Now I won't have anyone to buy me drinks. I knew he'd get it. I seen him fall down and pass out on the tracks about noon today." She still lay on the floor where she had fallen when Barbara shoved her.

"Bill! Bill's gone! I just can't believe it," Jake said, and he began crying and pounding the bar with his fists.

"My Bill, my true love!" Jane screamed.

"Oh, Bill!" Dorothy wailed, breaking into sobs. "May your blessed soul rest in peace."

Barbara laughed at some remark Little Boy made.

"Let's go and see Old Drunken Bill," someone said.

"What's the use?" another said. "He's dead as an empty wine bottle. There ain't nothing we can do about it. He can't buy us any more drinks."

"Now ain't that right," "Blow-In" Al said. He had risen to his feet. Now he sat back down, shaking his head, a dazed look on his face. "That could happen to anyone," he mumbled and began crying. "Spring will soon be here, with the budding of trees and its warm weather," he sobbed, "and I'll be blowing this awful place. I'll be riding the rods, Far West bound!"


Jane screamed again and rushed for the door, jerking it open and going out, her stringy hair blowing in her face.

Barbara and Little Boy left the bar and went out the door. At the foot of the steps, she turned an ankle and fell sprawling. She lay there on the street, panting, with a hopeless look on her face. Finally Little Boy reached down and lifted her to her feet as easily as if she had been a baby. They went on up the street, with her limping and hanging onto his arm.

"Close that damn door!" someone shouted. "Them sons-of-bitches must've been raised in a shed."

I jumped up and closed the door.

"They killed my father," Tom said. "Them damn pill-givers! I'll go right now and cut two or three of them sons-of-bitches wide open—from their assholes to their gullets!" He lurched across the room, the long-bladed knife gripped tightly in his shaking right hand.

I staggered back to my seat and lay my head back on the beer table, intending to take a nap. Outside I could hear the March wind rising in velocity, rattling beer signs out front, as it raged along Glimmer Street, blowing paper and fine debris. 

continued from page 100

could get involved with—they'd gladly work with me. I have nothing against anyone on the West Coast branch of the industry. As far as I'm concerned they are all very professional—very nice. They make a certain kind of film and I make a slightly different brand. Someday we'll both make the same type of films.

HUSTLER: Have you found your stride?

MORRISSEY: I don't believe—looking at it objectively—that I have. Not yet, anyway. I've not been that busy. There is always a question of what to do next. When I've hit my stride, there won't be.

HUSTLER: Are you looking for something "new" or "different" to get involved with?

MORRISSEY: Yes. Something with great depth. I may—next time—have a more developed plot—a script.

HUSTLER: Wouldn't you admit these are signs that you will be getting more and more commercial?

MORRISSEY: You could say that. Honestly, I always thought I was being commercial albeit in my own way. Now I'm looking to be commercial in more of the strict formula—Hollywood—fashion. I've always loved their films and it seems, at this point, ridiculous for me not to do them. They are my favorite kinds of films anyway.

HUSTLER: Are you at all political?

MORRISSEY: I think the Kennedys should run the country, period. When they're not we should expect the nation to look like the shit hole that it does look like.

HUSTLER: Do you find in your day-to-day life, you're much more conservative than the press would have the public believe?

MORRISSEY: I am very conservative.

HUSTLER: How much money will you make on "Frankenstein"?

MORRISSEY: I won't make very much. Very few people make piles of money in this business, believe me. The film will bring in ten million dollars which is profitable but not very much will go into my pocket.

HUSTLER: Are people taking Paul Morrissey more seriously?

MORRISSEY: Hopefully not. I don't see myself as getting more serious. In fact, some of my older films are much more serious than what I'm directing now. It's all a matter of how you view it—from what angle!



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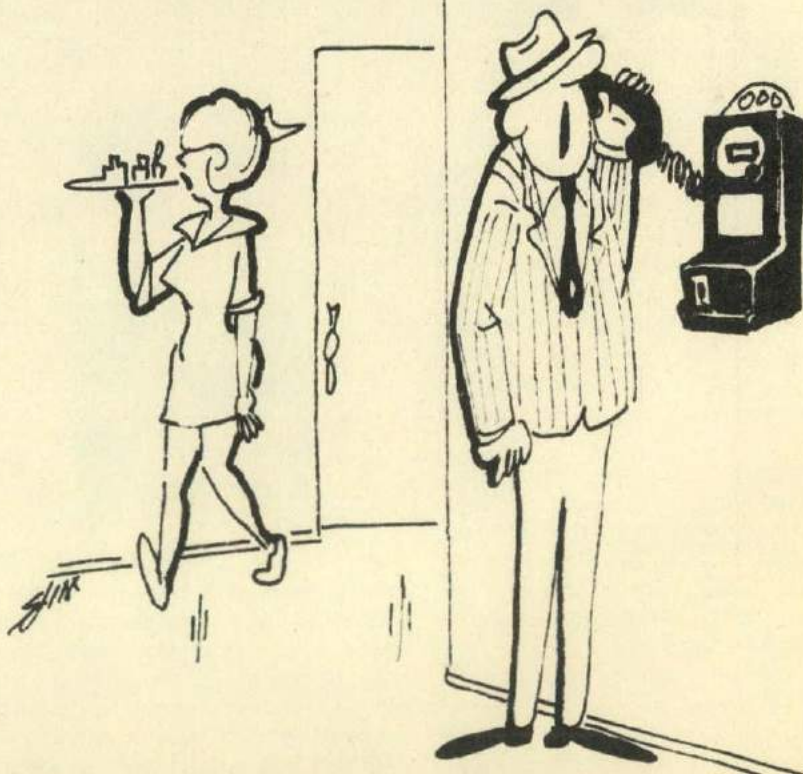
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BITS & PIECES

continued from page 17

Convention of Swingers—not a Swinger



We have a feeling that "Swing '74," billed as a convention for the unconventional, wasn't so far out after all.

It happened in September in Buena Park, California, where some 1500 middle-aged, middle-class people came together to hear and talk about alternative life styles—"open marriage," nudism, and stuff like that. The convention was built around a day-long symposium. Speakers included psychologists, sexologists, and authors of books on open marriage and swinging.

Last year a similar get-together drew four hundred alternative lifestyles. It was so successful that this year the sponsors—*Jet Set Magazine* and a group called Wide World of Contemporary People—greatly expanded the scope of the thing.

But what intrigued us most was the list of sidetrips available at group rates to the conventioning swingers: Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm, Lion Country Safari, the Queen Mary, and an evening at Japanese Village.

If that sounds like your average tourist package to Southern California—it is.

There was just one kicker: a trip to a nude beach (\$20 for couples, \$15 for singles), including transportation soft drinks, and a guide. A guide?

Heads or Tails?



Remember baseball cards? Of course. Everyone remembers baseball cards. When you were a kid, did you collect them? You did? Good. Now here's the tricky one. Do you (or your mother, if she's the type who saves things) still have them?

If you answered "yes" to all the above questions, chances are you can make some money.

Antique baseball cards are hot collectors' items. Some rare sets are worth hundreds, even thousands of dollars. Originally, one card cost a penny.

The card reproduced here cost \$5. It's about fifty years old. Most baseball cards are collected in sets, but some singles are popular. They usually sell for \$1 to \$20. The card more people ask for than any other is Babe Ruth, which goes for \$12.

The most valuable card is a 1910 shot of Honus Wagner, a Pittsburgh Pirate shortstop. A Wagner card sold for \$1,100 in 1972. The reason the Wagner card is worth so much bread is that only a few were printed. It was issued by Sweet Caporal cigarettes, and Wagner ordered the card pulled off the market because he was against smoking for young people.

In the early days of baseball cards, most of them were produced by tobacco companies. Old Judge cigarettes issued the first ones, in 1884.

In the Thirties, chewing gum companies started to issue baseball cards. By the fifties, Topps Chewing Gum Company had taken over most of the business.

Candy, food, and ice cream firms have also issued baseball cards. Round ones were printed on the underside of Dixie Cup lids. They were always a little sticky.

Then there were the "triple headers," issued in 1912 by Hassan cigarettes. These cards had three sections—a picture of the player in action in the middle, with a head shot on either side. They sell now for \$12 apiece.

And, of course, there are clubs for baseball card collectors. If you'd like information on them, write to Richard Egan, 103 N. Shaddle, Mundelein, Illinois.

Even the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has a collection of antique baseball cards. You can see them there—but only if you make an appointment.

Driving and Fighting Don't Mix



It was three o'clock in the morning. Sarah Johnson was driving home, alone, from a party. Her two children were at home, asleep by now, but expecting her back before morning.

Sarah was in the midst of divorcing her husband, and she had looked forward to going out that evening—to having some fun and getting away from her troubles for a while. That afternoon, she'd had another fight with her soon-to-be-ex-husband. It seemed there'd never be an end to the quarreling. And the party tonight hadn't helped much. She'd been nervous, chattering and giggling. Guys had made passes at her, knowing she was alone. Horny and confused, she'd agreed to meet one of the men downtown next week.

He had followed her as she got up to go to the kitchen. Holding her arm and pressing up against her in the hall, he told her he'd been looking for someone like her for a long time.

"I can borrow a friend's apartment," he said.

"What about your wife?" Sarah asked.

"Don't worry about it. She won't find out," he answered.

Slightly shocked at herself and shaky, Sarah was trying now to imagine what would happen next week. She didn't notice the red light, or the car approaching from the right, until just before the impact.

The next thing Sarah knew, a man was peering in through the shattered side window of the car. "Are you all right?" he asked. No, she shook her head numbly, no. She slumped over.

A typical accident situation, and a true one.

Stressful events, such as divorce or loss of a job, greatly increase one's chances of having automobile accidents. In fact, fighting and driving can be as dangerous as drinking and driving.

A new study by a University of Michigan psychiatrist shows that a highly disturbing situation—a death, financial troubles, divorce, job loss—increases by 25% the risk of a person's having a traffic accident. Even a brief emotional upset makes a driver more apt to screw up.

In Sarah Johnson's case, she had double trouble—the long-standing conflict with her husband plus her impetuous decision to have an affair with a married man. Luckily, Sarah survived her accident. But a lot of people don't.


Other studies have shown that people who were getting divorced had twice as many accidents as they would be expected to have in the six months before and six months following their divorces.

The moral of this story is: If you must fight, don't drive. And vice versa.



A guy is in bed with a woman, not his wife. Suddenly, he has pains in his chest. It's either indigestion from the ravioli they had for dinner or—it's a heart attack.

The guy is in no condition to help. It's up to the woman to keep her cool. To get him to a doctor—discreetly, they don't want the whole world to find out about their relationship. Here's what she should do:

- Phone a doctor. Arrange to meet the doctor at the emergency room of the hospital.
- Call an ambulance. If you're in a hotel or motel, ask the desk to call an ambulance. Say, "Please call an ambulance for a person who is ill in room 702."
- Pay the hotel bill as you leave—cash, no checks or credit cards.
- Go to the hospital with him. Give his real name.
- Tell them if he's allergic to any medication.
- Give the nurse his wife's name. Ask that she be notified.
- Leave—calmly. 

ACHIEVEMENT

Success is to be measured not so much by the position that one has reached in life as by the obstacles which he has overcome while trying to succeed.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

CONFIDENCE

I can see how it might be possible for a man to look down upon the earth and be an atheist, but I cannot conceive how he could look up into the heavens and say there is no God.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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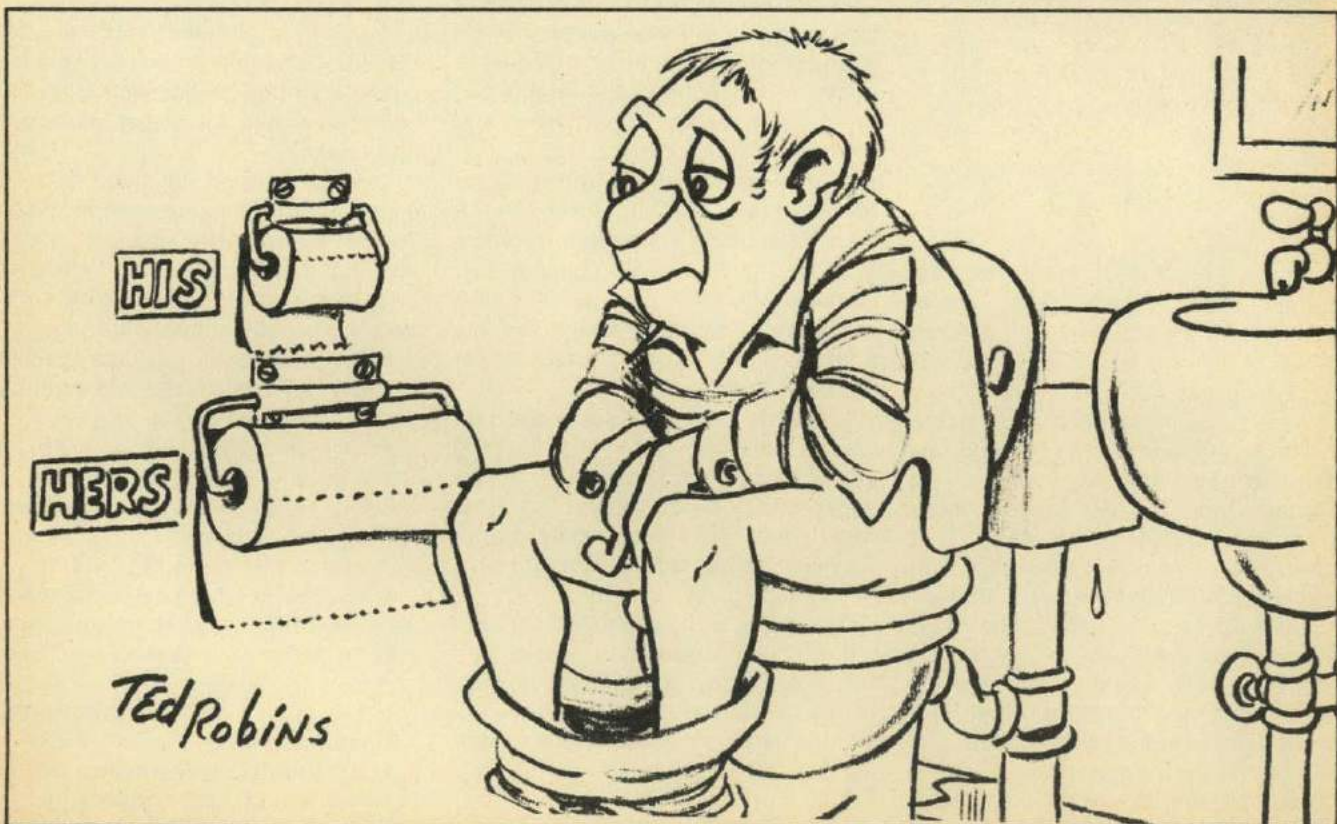
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SCANDAL IN WASHINGTON: "Government by blackmail," is the way Senator Brookhart put it.

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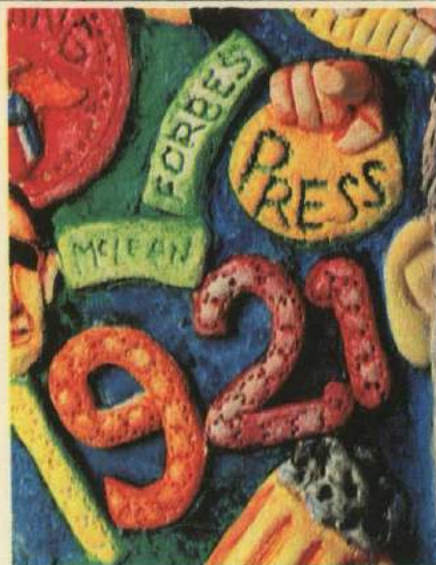
after his friend, to soothe him, to wet-nurse him, to bask in the reflected limelight of his hero. No one was closer to the "General". He spoke for him. He wrote his letters.

But who was Jess Smith? And what was his official position? No one was ever able to figure out. Although not an official member of the Justice Department, as an ex-officio or extra-hand, he had his "office" just around the corner from Daugherty's with an official stenographer and official stationery. But his real business was conducted at the Little Green House. And what was that? Selling favors. Especially appointments and pardons. He even had a special Justice Department file moved into the Little Green House. Also a Who's Who of penitentiary inmates. Appointments and paroles would be determined by the amount of palm greasing available.

Jess had come a long way from the little dry-goods merchant back in the Washington Court House. Now, he could stand on the corner of Fifteenth and H Streets, coat lapels back, thumbs in the armholes of his vest, glad-handing official Washington with his trite but well-known "Hey, there, whaddaya know?" Now even Senators called him "Mister" Smith. Imagine! Sought out by the exclusive Metropolitan Club. Listed in the Social Register. Confidante of the President himself at ball games. Truly Jess Smith at the age of 49 had arrived!

He boasted to wide-eyed Roxy how he was going to rake off \$18,000 by illegally showing films of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight all across the country, even though federal law forbade transportation across state lines. Scapegoat "distributors" would be selected in each state, given light fines by corrupt federal judges, the films then released to operators who would be free to show them within the state. It didn't work out, simply because government agents who could not be fixed were on his trail. But the diligent agents soon found themselves out of a job as well!

How did Jess operate? The Remus case may illustrate. George B. Remus, "King of the Bootleggers", worth some \$40 million, needed liquor with-



drawal permits. Jess got him 'B' permits, allowing the withdrawal of liquor for "medicinal purposes". Jess' cut in alcohol deliveries was about \$250,000. That was in addition to the "cost" of the permits.

Later, when Remus was indicted, he paid Jess \$30,000 to quash the indictment. But this time even Jess couldn't help. Remus went to the Atlanta pen in his own private railway car! And when he arrived, he probably found things very much to his liking in his private well-furnished cell-office from which he continued to run his operations.

For the President's brother-in-law, Reverend Votaw, was Superintendent of Federal Prisons. When the warden at Atlanta discovered a large cache of narcotics, he tried shutting off the traffic. But the good Reverend said "No. I'm afraid of the publicity."

"I was perfectly amazed," said the warden later, "Mr. Votaw was minister of the gospel; he was brother-in-law of the President . . . if there was anybody that ought to want to see the institution cleaned up it was Mr. Votaw . . ." The warden was later removed.

If the Justice Department cast off odors, the Federal Bureau of Investigation positively reeked. Bill Burns turned it into an American Gestapo. And that, dear flower children of yesterday, was long before J. Edgar Hoover appeared on the scene.

Burns had no qualms about breaking in, searching, seizing. He would

not hesitate to break into offices, rifle files, tap wires and copy private correspondence. All in the name of "justice" — for a price! Who said that Nixon's administration was unique in its operations?

"Government by blackmail," is the way Senator Brookhart put it. Let any Senator or investigating committee pry too closely into the evils of the administration and the Bureau would come to the rescue — of the crooks. "Enemy lists" existed even then. So that when Senator Bob La Follette struck out on Daugherty's trail, Burns' men promptly ransacked his office trying to get something on him. Senator Wheeler announced his intention to investigate the Department of Justice. Burns' agents quickly moved to the Senator's home state of Montana and reported back shortly that they had "smeared Wheeler in such shape that they had him sewed up."

Prohibition agents made between \$1200 and \$2000 a year. But, it was a poor agent that didn't make that much in a month of bribes. And later, having learned contacts and tricks of the trade, they would quit their jobs to work for their old enemies, the bootleggers. It was well known that the FBI was "a training school for bootleggers."

The Alien Property Bureau was another sweet rose. Its Custodian was a rare beauty by the name of Thomas Miller. During the War enemy property had been confiscated by the government. And now that property was up for grabs. The most notorious case was that of the American Metal Company. In 1917 this American subsidiary was owned by the German Metallgesellschaft and Metall Bank, worth by 1921 some \$7 million. Still, it remained tied up by the government. John King, representing owner Richard Merton, got in touch with Jess Smith. Merton's claim was quickly approved. Miller received an authorization from Smith to withdraw the money from the Treasury. He turned it over to Merton who turned right around and gave King \$441,300, Smith \$224,000, Miller \$50,000, and himself \$112,000. An extra \$50,000 would remain unaccounted for until it turned up later in a political

continued on page 113

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SCANDAL IN WASHINGTON: "You yellow rat," Harding was screaming. "You double-crossing bastard! If you ever . . ."

continued from page 111

account opened by Daugherty in his brother's bank. Little else, however, was uncovered since the Daughertys "accidentally" destroyed certain bank records while burning trash behind the bank!

Last, but certainly far from least, was Charlie Forbes. Harding proclaimed him "a fine, outstanding man." But, feature writer Will Irwin condemned him as "court jester to the Best Minds."

One time deserter from the Army and his wife, this back-slapping good-time Charlie, all around sport, with a snappy story ever ready, overwhelmed the twittering Mrs. Harding with his regular "Hello, Duchess. How about a little drink for a thirsty hombre?"

They said that Harding loved him like a brother. Yet he would be the first to disappoint and embitter the Old Man. He was Director of the Veterans Bureau. And during his two years there, over \$200 million went the way of the happy grafter.

With an appropriation of almost a half-billion dollars annually, and 300,000 disabled veterans to service, Uncle Charlie's Bureau let outrageous contracts for constructing hospitals and servicing them. At Northampton, for example, a construction contract was signed with an outfit that bid \$30,000 over the lowest bidder. In San Francisco, the Bureau bought land that had earlier been appraised at \$19,257 by the American Legion, for \$105,000. Charlie usually took a third of the cut.

There were fifty huge government warehouses in Perryville, Maryland, under the Bureau's control, containing what Forbes publicized as old and deteriorated surplus goods left over from the War. With the deftness of a second-story man, Forbes emptied the warehouses of these "old and damaged" goods. Like the 100,000 pairs of pajamas for 30¢ a pair, when the actual value was \$1.50. Or 45,000 rolls of gauze which cost the government \$1.33 a roll, good hearted Charlie let go for 26¢. Reporter Bruce Bliven noted that, "At one time sheets just bought were actually going in at one end of the warehouse as the ones just sold were going out the other . . ." And



many of those that went out were still in their original packages!

Charlie was eventually caught red-handed. It was Harding's first taste of treachery and a nerve-shattering experience. He never recovered. His golden boy had done him wrong.

Later, a visitor to the White House happened to walk in unannounced on the two men. There was the President shaking the shoulders of the puffy-faced Forbes who was cringing against the wall.

"You yellow rat," Harding was screaming. "You double-crossing bastard! If you ever . . ." He stopped short when he saw the visitor. And Forbes crawled away. He later went to Leavenworth in 1926 for fraud.

Two pistol shots finished off the President as assuredly as if they had been from an assassin. The first came from the gun of Charles Cramer, Forbes lieutenant. After Forbes was discovered, Cramer knew that he too would have to face the music. During the early morning hours of March 12, 1923, a shot rang out in Cramer's apartment. They found him the next morning, his head shot off.

The second shot was Jess Smith's. Harding, the cruel light now beginning to dawn, grew embittered and finally began shaking up his administration. Jess, the little man with the big ideas, would have to go. Jess was crestfallen. His "good friend," Warren Harding, had told him to leave. Later, when Daugherty, growing impatient with Jess' whining, blew up at him and told him to pack up and clear out, poor Jess was shattered. First the President. And now his best friend, his idol, his hero had berated him like

some little schoolboy.

Blinded by his tears, he cried to Roxy, "Harry has turned on me!" She tried consoling him. It was useless. At Carpenter's Hardware Store in Washington Court House he bought a pistol. Then he returned to Washington and the Wardman Park Hotel where he and Daugherty had adjoining rooms. He might have remembered how Harry used to sleep with his door open, fearful of loneliness. And how he slept close by the faithful and humble servant, ready to run to Harry's side at his slightest cry. Only Harry wasn't here now. Now that Jess needed him. Harry was sleeping at the White House that night.

Early the next morning — it was Decoration Day, 1923 — Warren Martin, Daugherty's secretary, in a nearby room, was awakened suddenly by a loud noise. Sleepily he arose, thinking that Jess' door had slammed. Slowly he made his way to Jess' bedroom and peered in. Shocked, he fell back! A sickening sight greeted him. There on the floor was all that was left of poor Jess.

Daugherty would later write, "To my surprise, I found that Jess had destroyed all my house accounts and my personal correspondence. In fact, there was hardly anything left pertaining to my personal affairs."

Two months later, Warren Gamaliel Harding, twenty-ninth President of the United States, would also be dead. On the evening of August 3, 1923, Mrs. Harding was reading to the President who was recuperating from pneumonia. It was a magazine article, "A Calm View of a Calm Man." Harding liked it. "That's good," he said. "Go on. Read some more." Suddenly he shuddered, his head slumped forward and he died. Since there was no autopsy, the exact cause of his death remains a mystery to this day. And so the book was closed on the country editor. But not on the scandals.

Fifty years — a half century — is a long time. But perhaps human beings don't change. And although Watergate is not exactly a repeat performance of Teapot Dome, still one is tempted by the credit line in the old Saturday matinee: "Only the names and places have been changed." And immorality

SCANDAL IN WASHINGTON: An unscrupulous advisor may feed the President any information he chooses.

in one era breeds immorality in the succeeding one.

Well then, what are the significant comparisons between Watergate and Teapot Dome? There seem to be three that stand out.

First, Harding had already died when the lid blew on Teapot Dome. What would have been the attitude of the public toward Harding had he been alive when the scandal broke? Would they still have been as sympathetic? Or would they have been as indignantly aroused as the public today? Then too, the different images each of the men presented probably contributed to that public attitude. Harding—the poor slob who didn't know any different. But Nixon—the wise and canny politician who, most of the public believes, “knew all along.” Who is actually to say what was the true character of each? When Teapot Dome was exposed to the public after Harding's successor Coolidge, had stepped into office, was there a hue and cry for his impeachment as the representative of the Party that was “responsible” for the corruption? There was not. Impeachment was never suggested and Harding lay in his grave, an object of sympathetic understanding. But then, perhaps we are better informed today, more knowledgeable about the affairs of


the day. What politicians could get away with in years past because of the ignorance of the public, that same public, now more knowledgeable, today wouldn't stand for it.

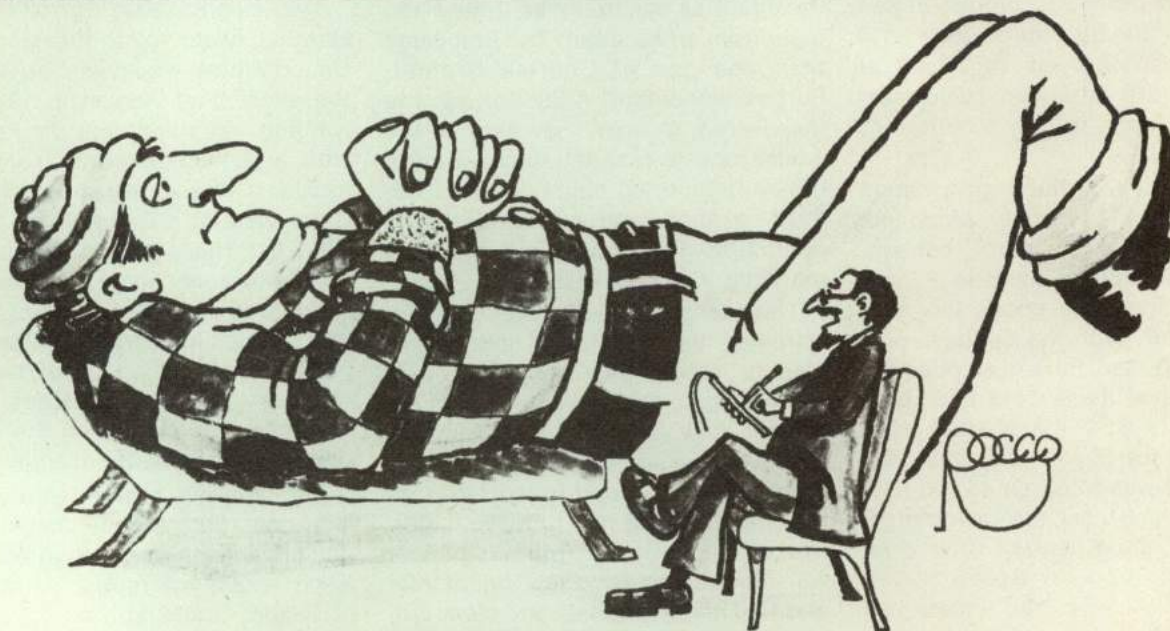
Second, both Presidents surrounded themselves with assistants and aides who apparently kept their respective chiefs in the dark as to what was going on.

Again the difference seems to lie in the differing statures of the two. Where many have excused Harding on the grounds of simple political naïveté and incompetence, few of even Nixon's most staunch defenders would use that argument. But then perhaps we're forgetting that even Nixon received his data secondhand after having been processed by his aides. This is the real crime of Big Government of today. It has become so complex that the President cannot possibly have access to all the details first-hand. Increasingly, he is forced to rely on his advisors as purveyors of knowledge. An unscrupulous advisor may feed the President any information he chooses. The President becomes the prisoner of his advisors. And Presidential decisions may thus be made on the basis of faulty or incomplete information. It must constantly be remembered that the Presi-

dential output is only as good as his advisors' input.

Finally, the most important distinction between Harding's problems and Nixon's lies in the distinction between power and money. In the case of Teapot Dome, Harding's cronies simply tried to pad their wallets; in Nixon's case, however, his boys apparently stole much more when they padded the democratic electoral processes to keep their boss in power at any price. Not that money was not a consideration in Nixon's scandals, but it was money that may have been employed to subvert the democracy. Teapot Dome was money; whereas the Watergate break-in was politics. This is probably the most serious charge. To be loyal to a cause is one thing, but to subvert the democratic processes in order to succeed in that cause is quite another. Thus, any means so long as the end is noble. Perhaps we haven't come so far from McCarthyism after all.

When Watergate first broke, many of the President's defenders claimed that there was nothing so wrong since other Presidents were guilty of the same offenses. Only they never got caught. Perhaps. Perhaps there were even some similarities between Teapot Dome and Watergate. Still, two wrongs do not make a right. 



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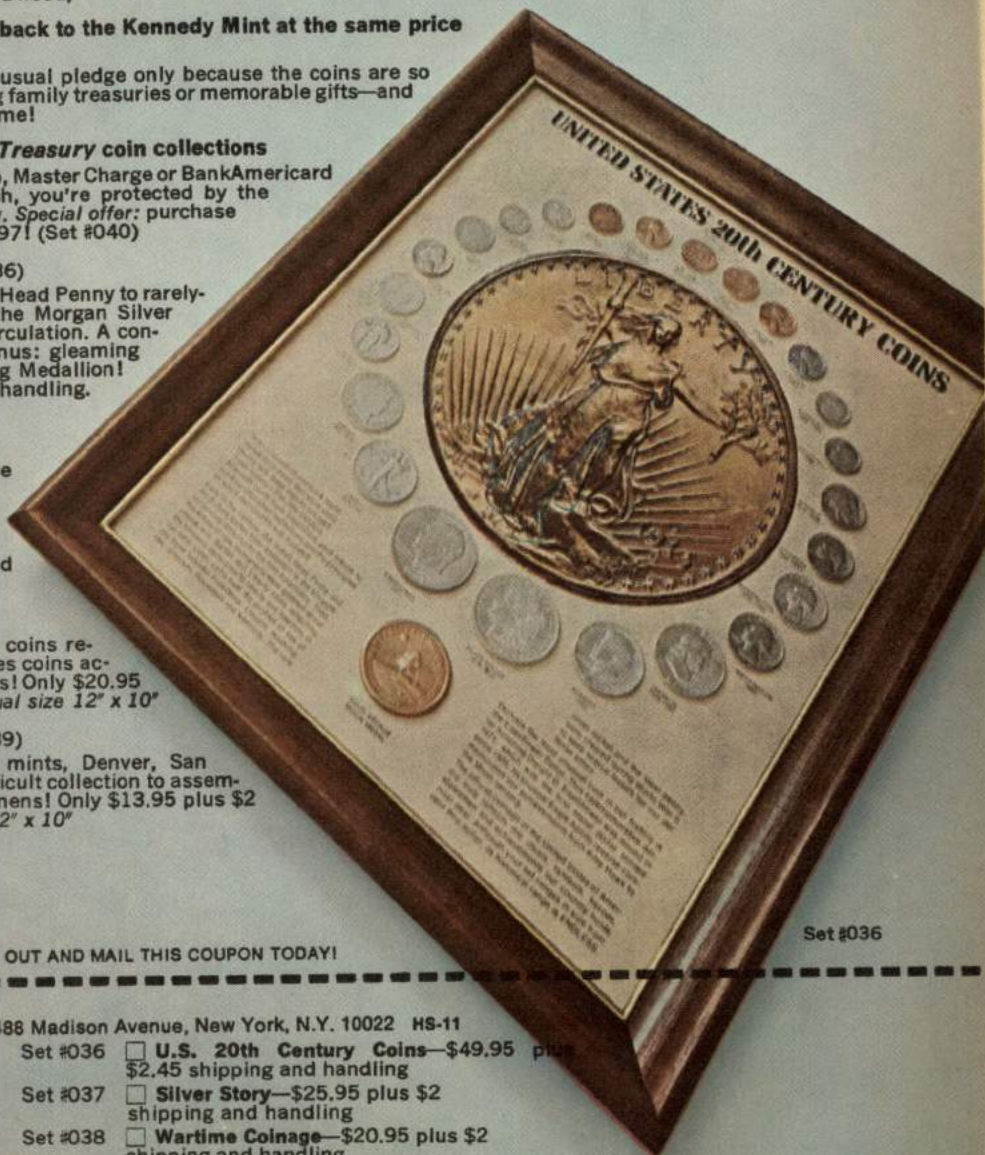


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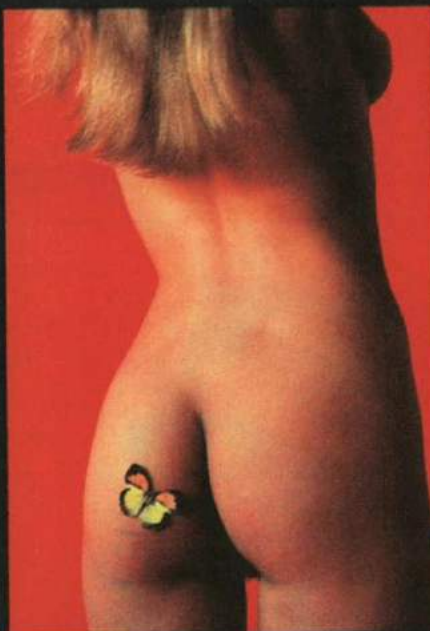
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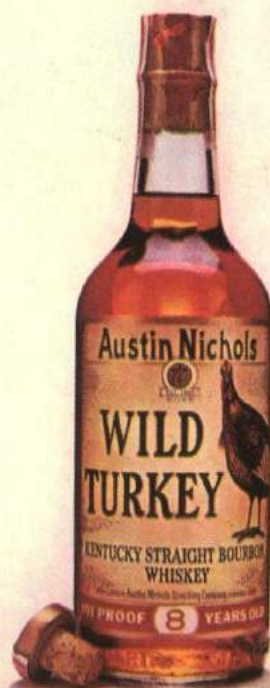
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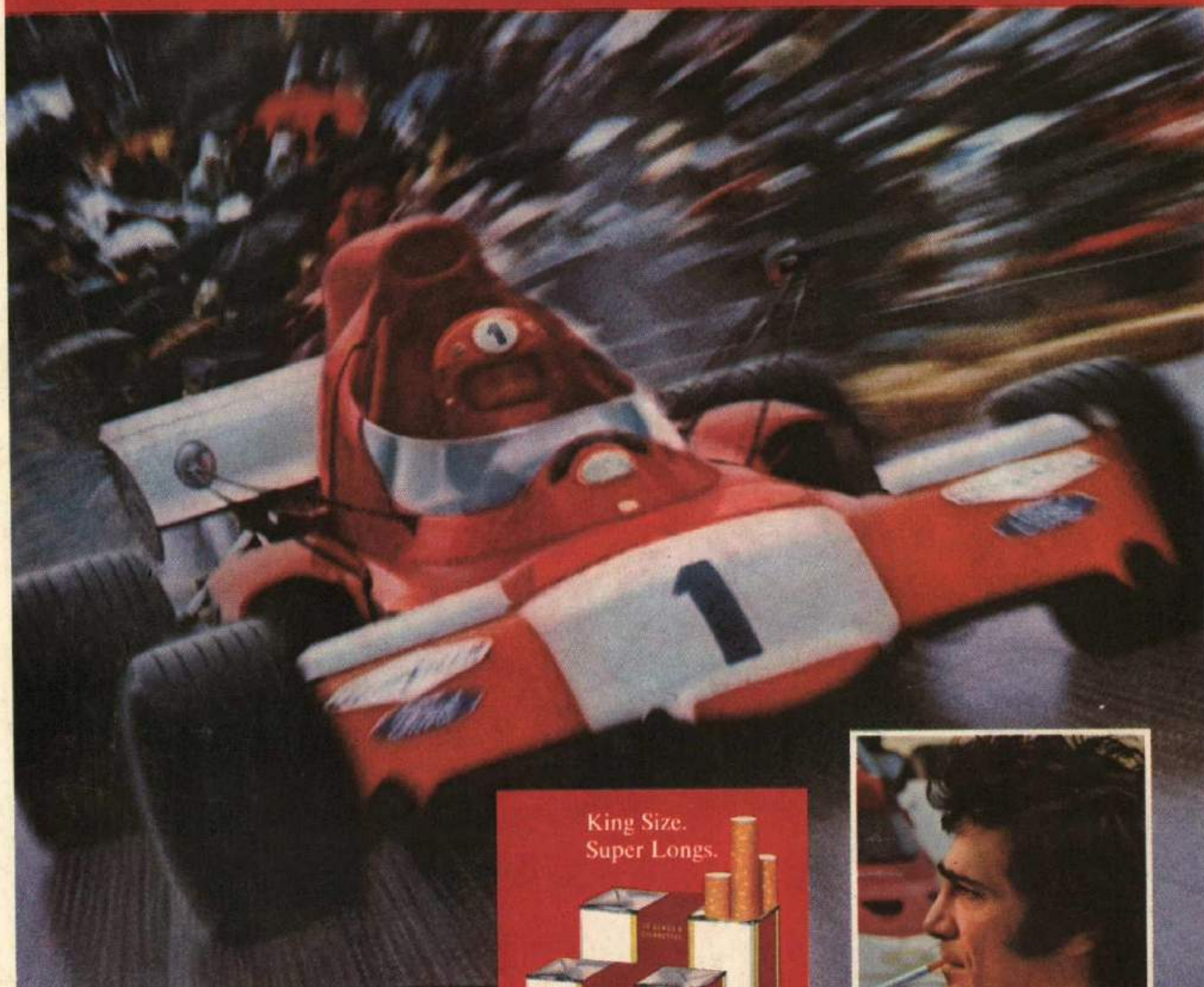
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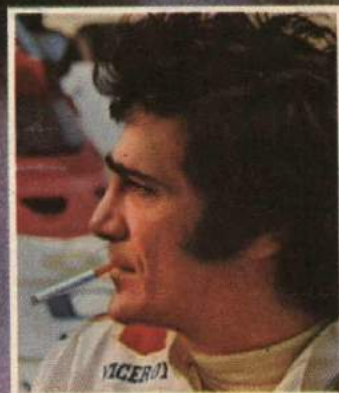
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